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MARCH 1, 1974

NR

NATIONAL REVIEW

RICHARD NIXON ON THE STATE OF THE UNION

James Jackson Kilpatrick

What Conservatives Are Telling Each Other

DANIEL OLIVER

Also:

Colm Brogan
George Will
Keith Mano
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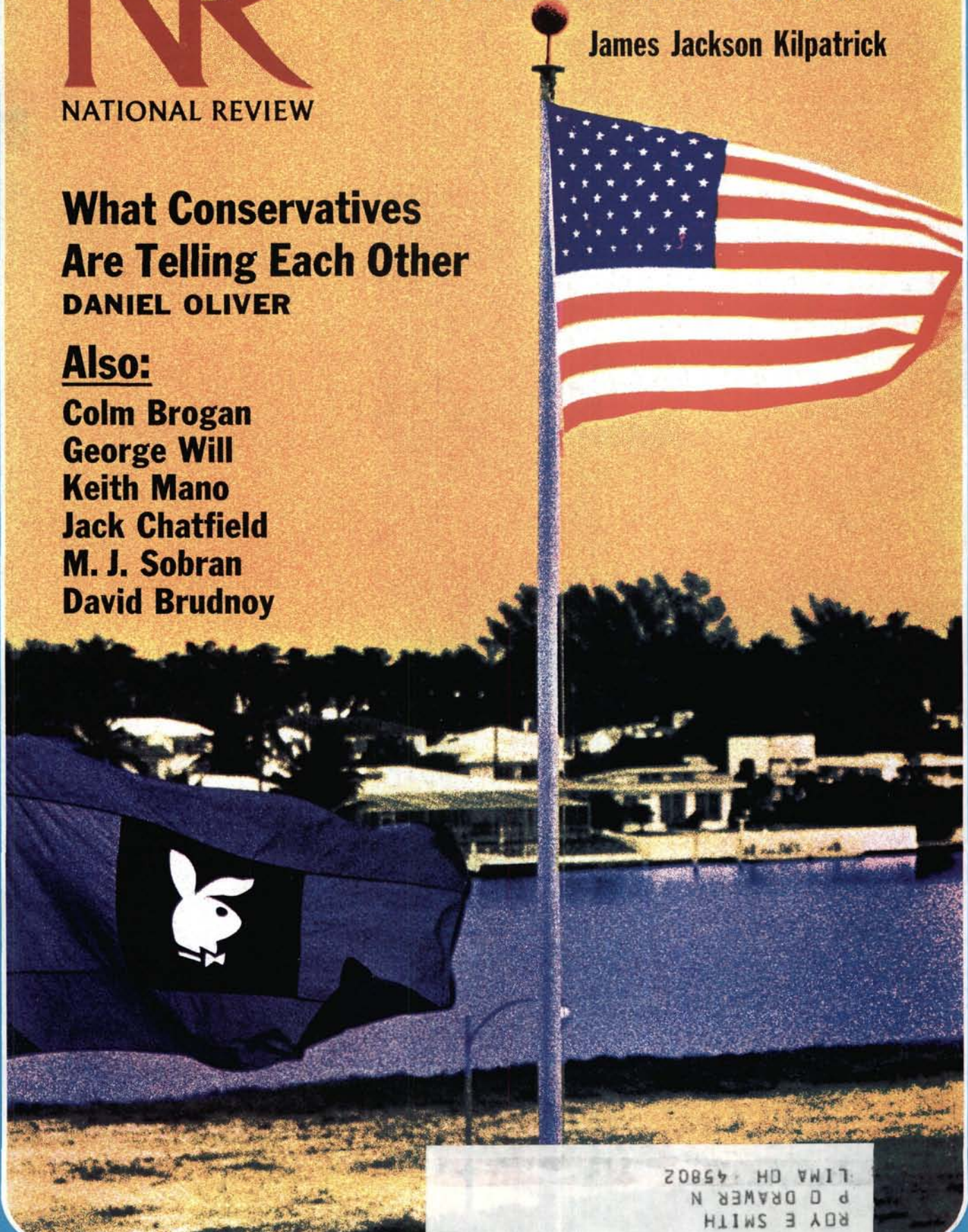

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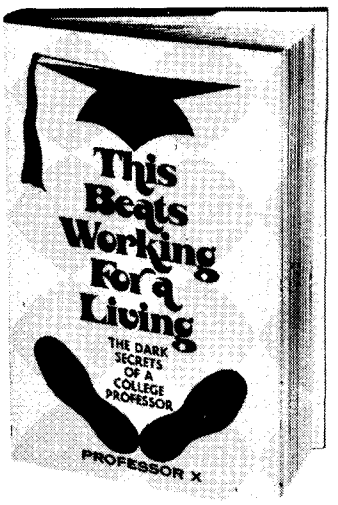

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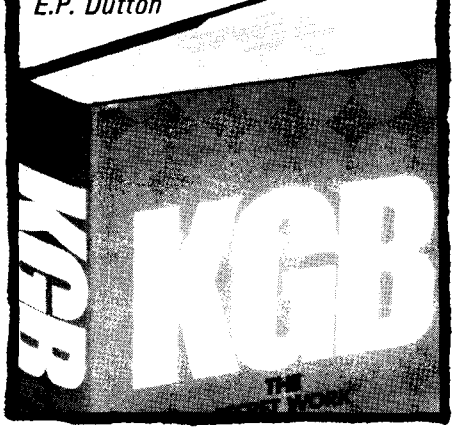

NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXVI, NO. 9 MARCH 1, 1974

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . **James Jackson Kilpatrick**, among the foremost of journalists, considers the State of the Union address and the Presidency, the latter depending, twisting slowly. . . . *NR*'s Executive Editor, **Daniel Oliver**, reports on a long overdue conservative think-in held in Washington's Mayflower Hotel the last weekend in January, but omits to mention that when *NR*'s Publisher William A. Rusher was perorating with Goethe, a young thing was heard to sigh and say: "What a showman!" Neither the meteorological nor political gloom of Washington could overcome the natural conviviality of the foregathered conservatives or the indigenous black Russians and pink squirrels who supported them. In the interest of full disclosure, the reader should be reminded that Mr. Oliver served as Director of Research for Senator James Buckley's campaign in 1970. . . . **Roger Ward** is making his first appearance in *NR*: he graduated from MIT in 1925, served as a project engineer for the Curtiss Engineering Company after his graduation, and has worked for both McDonnell and Boeing. He is a specialist in what he calls "engineered common sense." . . . **Pete Rainer**, also making his entrance to *NR*, graduated from Brandeis University, summa cum laude, where he was the editor-in-chief (and film critic) of *The Justice*, the college newspaper. . . . **Benjamin Stein**, yet another newcomer to *NR* pages, is an FTC lawyer who studied drama at Yale and taught social content of media at Santa Clara College. . . . **Edwin M. Yoder Jr.**, the fourth newcomer in this issue, is a former Rhodes Scholar. Mr. Yoder is a product of the very lively North Carolina journalism and has reviewed books for *Book World*, *Saturday Review*, and *Harper's*. . . . **Martin F. Nolan**, also in these pages for the first time—that, incidentally, is a total of five writers appearing for the first time—is a syndicated columnist who reports that the papers that take his column fluctuate wildly from 13 to fourteen. —DO

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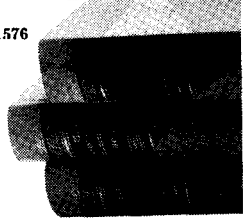

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Letters

Fathers of the Modern Age

Your cover feature on Wilson and Lenin ["Wilson Is Overtaking Lenin," by John Lukacs, and "The Body in Lenin's Tomb," by Eugene Lyons, Feb. 15] was spectacular. It was the perfect followup to last fall's Solzhenitsyn-Stalin piece.

I had never thought of the resemblance between Lenin and Wilson; now that Mr. Lukacs has pointed it out so lucidly, I can't imagine how I missed it. I do disagree with Mr. Lukacs' comments on "internationalism," however. It seems to me that a huge, rich nation cannot *not* have interests abroad, which it must protect.

Mr. Lyons' article was also fascinating, not just for the mystery aspect (is it Lenin or isn't it? Only his cosmetician knows for sure), but also for the light it throws on how Lenin would have felt about his canonization.

Springfield, Mass. OLGA BOLOTOV

Lofton and the Apparatchiki

John Lofton ["One Big Happy Family," Feb. 1] writes good like a columnist should. But I wonder, really, what the point is of discussing issues of the type he did discuss with such apparatchiki. If, as Mr. Lofton suggests, they were not consciously lying, then the American experience will do them good—in which case it is unlikely that they would have been allowed to come. And if they were lying, what is to be gained by such discussion? Except the Soviets' getting a good lashing from Mr. Lofton. Reason enough, perhaps.

Mt. Kisco, N.Y. GEORGE KALININ

Hazelton on Mondavi

Nika Hazelton's piece on the Mondavi Winery ["Delectations," Jan. 4] is not very informative. For one thing, you can't describe all the wines of a given maker regardless of type or vintage as having "elegance and complexity, with a soft depth—wines with finesse rather than blockbusters." "Complexity" is seldom an attribute of a two-year-old rosé, even one as good as Mondavi's, nor is "finesse" something one thinks of when drinking the clean, simple Fumé Blanc. Such terms have reasonably objective meanings, and they should not be used promiscuously. Further, why not simply say that one who "uses a single kind of grape to make a wine" is making a *varietal*? The word of art itself is instructive; its use averts the implication that the "single kind of grape" process is simply arbitrary.

Kansas City, Mo. DAVID H. DUNLAP

The Welfare Cancer

Clayton Thomas' firsthand account of his experiences as a caseworker in New York City's welfare department ["The Welfare Dollar Goes 'Round and 'Round," Jan. 18] appeared at about the time that the great majority of New Yorkers were reported in a *New York Times* survey as being optimistic about the city's future. Optimists can be sobered by immersion in Thomas' report on the devastating welfare problem.

We are now into a third generation of welfare recipients. The system is foul and its continuation in anything like its present form is a vote for retention of cancer of the body politic.

HOWARD L. HURWITZ
Long Island City, N.Y.

High time you published such fine articles as Mr. Clayton Thomas' concerning the welfare mess in New York. Those of us who work and pay taxes have been wondering what might be done. Here are a few ideas to kick around, before we go federal.

1. Make welfare an intermittent affair; that is, three months on and three months off. That might jolt even the laziest recipient into going out and looking for work. Also, the welfare recipient can see that those of us who pay the bill are beginning to protest.

2. Announce that a person has the right, if he so chooses, of starving himself to death. I have always worked for no reason than that I feared the alternative. If a person wants to choose the alternative, I see no reason to prohibit him from exercising that prerogative.

3. Segregate welfarites from their benefactors. Perhaps a few villages, or reservations, or islands with warm climates could be found where the welfarite could be placed to great advantage.

4. Separate the welfarite from the root of the problem—money. Give him every-

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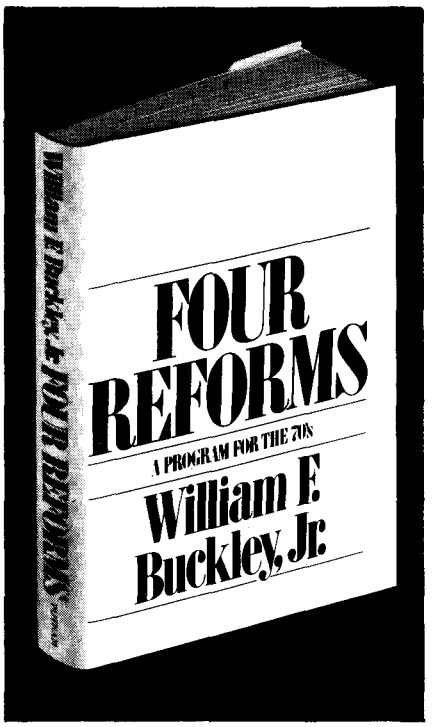

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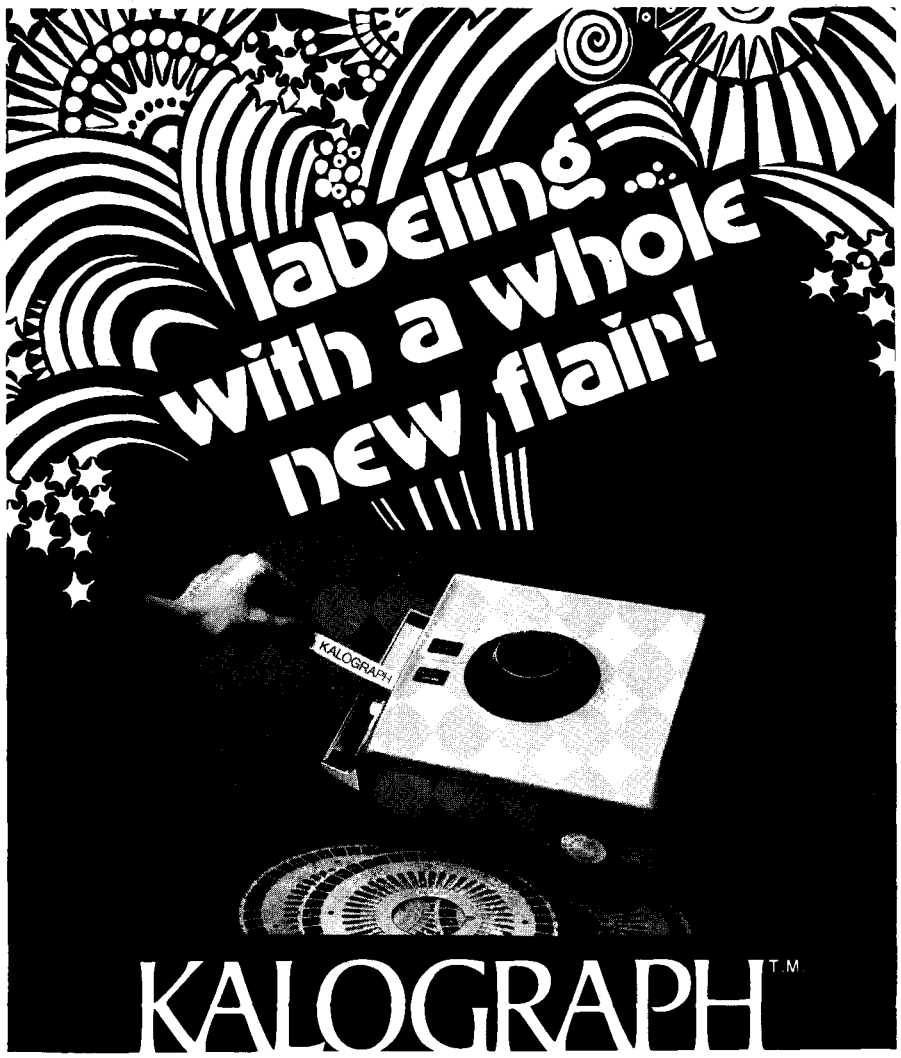

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thing else, but no money. It is that commodity which permits him to live like everybody else—without working. Take away his check, and he will not be interested in welfare.

Independence, Mo. J. J. MCCUBBIN

The story by Clayton Thomas is very very good. The one thing I can think of that might help the welfare mess once and for all is for the people on welfare to be denied the right to vote.

I think that it would not only be good for the whole country but even for those on welfare. Of course the phony politicians will holler blue murder, but let them.

New York, N.Y. JIM BAUSCH

Rating de Gaulle

Ferdinand Mount has written a very biting review of Brian Crozier's *De Gaulle* [Jan. 18]. Since Crozier has gone to the trouble of writing one of the biggest works on Charles de Gaulle in the English language he will certainly know how to arrange his own defense and counterattack. But in the meantime I should like to raise a few points.

Mount puts his case strongly, especially when he goes after the almost official Anglo-Saxon attitude of hostility toward his subject. Now and then, however, his attack falters. He says the book is drawn almost entirely from secondary sources such as the memoirs of generals and politicians. In fact, historians regard these sources as primary rather than secondary. What Mount must mean is that the sources are second-rate. If there are more important sources which Crozier ignored, and if Mount names them, obviously any other criticism becomes superfluous. But Mount fails to present so much as a hint of the various sources he may have in mind. He certainly should have cited Crozier for failure to use the memoirs of Claude Mauriac, de Gaulle's correspondence secretary.

Mount goes on to say that Crozier makes hardly any effort to explain de Gaulle's behavior and that he does not seem interested in the man himself. Quite probably Mount is right, but Crozier should at least be credited with avoiding some of the more facile and preposterous interpretations which have been going the rounds for a couple of decades. De Gaulle: cryptofascist with a military mind; de Gaulle: son of a provincial, royalist, Catholic schoolteacher; de Gaulle: shield of the bourgeoisie; de Gaulle: alienated mystic descended from St. Joan. Such themes lead nowhere. If a few sober writers choose to be timorous or evasive in explaining him they deserve as much sympathy as censure. After all, how does one explain the de Gaulle who in June 1940 was willing to gamble on the recovery of France? How does one explain the de Gaulle who refused mem-

(Continues on page 239)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Well, what do you know: the American people think Congress is doing even worse than the President. A recent **Gallup** shows only 21 per cent of the people think the Congress is doing a good-to-excellent job, while 69 per cent think it is doing a fair-to-poor job. . . . **Nelson Rockefeller**, who says he won't make a decision on whether to run for the Presidency until "late 1975" (talk about credibility gaps), now favors impeachment because "they [impeachment procedures] are the only thing that's going to satisfy the American people." . . . *Human Events* publisher **Robert Kephart**, clarifying stories that appeared in *New York Times*, *Washington Post* last week, says when he said he favored impeachment he was talking for himself, not for the editorial board of *HE*. . . . In the House, 101 of the 187 Republican congressmen have signed a letter to Mr. **Nixon** repudiating statements by prominent House Democrats (Majority Leader **Thomas O'Neill** and Ways and Means Chairman **Wilbur Mills**) calling for Nixon's resignation. . . . A *Washington Post* survey of the Senate found that any impeachment motion as of now would fail by at least 17 votes. Most Senate leaders felt that only about 35, but at most 50, senators were prepared now to vote Mr. Nixon's ouster. . . . Bidding is hard and fast (and high) on **Martha Mitchell**'s forthcoming book, which Doubleday editor **Tom Congdon** describes as "a Gothic novel [whose] heroine is beset by sinister forces."

■ Last year **Teddy Kennedy** joined in a Fourth of July rally honoring **George Wallace** (and everyone said it meant that Teddy had decided to run in 1976); this year Democratic Whip, Sen. **Robert Byrd** (W.Va.), has accepted an invitation to attend a Wallace fundraising dinner (and everyone says it means Byrd wants a spot on the national ticket in '76). . . . Wallace campaign aide **Alton Dauphin** confirms that Wallace has raised nearly $1 million to pay off campaign debts left over from 1972 (when his campaign was cut short by **Arthur Bremer**'s bullet) and to keep a national campaign staff going. (See "The Week.") . . . Sen. **Howard Baker** (R., Tenn.) toured Western campuses in February to gauge sentiment on a possible presidential bid; he wants to find out "what the country thinks of Howard Baker." . . . Among the politicians who will not attend the annual Gridiron Dinner this year because the Club still bars women, are presidential contenders **Charles Percy** (R., Ill.) and **Walter Mondale** (D., Minn.).

Punch Rothco

"But Bangladesh is so passé."

■ News of conservative cheer: **Thomas C. Reed**, former top political aide to **Ronald Reagan**, has been named director of communications in the Pentagon; he reports directly to Secretary **James Schlesinger** and Deputy Secretary **William Clements**. . . . **David Martin**, senior analyst for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, former top aide to Sen. **Thomas Dodd**, longtime champion of refugees from Communism, was honored at Washington dinner February 6 for his outstanding part, as **Leo Cherne** said, "in the perennial struggle for freedom." . . . Another gala is planned, also in Washington, in May in honor of Dean **Clarence Manion** of Manion Forum. . . . Honored: *NR* contributor **Robert Moses**, named by New York Mayor **Abraham Beame** as Special Adviser on Housing, and the late **Eddie Rickenbacker** (father of *NR*'s William Rickenbacker) by the Air Force, which is renaming the Loughbourne AFB in Ohio, the Eddie Rickenbacker AFB. Rickenbacker was the outstanding U.S. ace in the First World War.

■ And of interest to conservatives: **Owen Lattimore** (**Chou En-lai**'s personal guest just two years ago) has been denounced in Peking as a "reactionary historian" and an "international spy" for having written a book in 1935 in which he described **Confucius** as an enlightened philosopher. (Confucius is a no-no in the current round of the Cultural Revolution.) . . . Ashes of Red China apologist **Edgar Snow**, who died two years ago, have been buried on the campus of Peking University in tribute (the eulogy went) "to his unremitting efforts [and] important contributions in promoting mutual understanding between the Chinese and American peoples." . . . And **Fergus Maclean**, son of Soviet spy **Donald Maclean**, has returned to England from Russia, with his Russian wife, to study at University College, London.

■ **Holland**'s gas rationing lasted only 23 days. Could the reason be that nearly one million of Holland's three million drivers asked for extra rations as "hardship cases"?

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bership in the celebrated French Academy with this observation: "It is impossible. . . . The King of France did not belong to the Academy. Nor did Napoleon"? How does one explain the de Gaulle who deliberately committed political suicide in the spring of 1969?

According to Crozier, de Gaulle "cannot be ranked with the greatest of his country's statesmen." Mount is annoyed by that pronouncement. I guess I am too. But here a note of cynicism. De Gaulle's final ranking will depend on the fate of the Fifth Republic, whether he is really responsible for that fate or not. If the Republic endures, historians will compare him to Augustus Caesar, William of Orange, and George Washington. They will claim that he represented the national will and character. But if the Republic founders, they will claim that he built a regime patterned on the personality of a single individual, himself. Then he will be compared to Alexander the Great, Cromwell, Savonarola, and—inevitably—Adolf Hitler.

Oxford, Ohio BRENTON H. SMITH

The New Humanists

I must applaud Duncan Williams' "The Liberty of Privacy" [Dec. 21], which should be required reading in every literature course throughout the land.

I have nothing to add to his succinct analysis of the effects of literature on society, but I do have a question as to the dates attributed to Donne et al. in the illustration on page 1408. While for Donne, Eliot, and Frost, the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively may refer to the centuries of their births, and to part of the literary periods of Donne and Frost, surely the seventeenth and twentieth centuries would be more appropriate to the best writing of the three? But as for Burke (1729-97) who lived entirely within the eighteenth century, and for Arnold (1822-88) who lived entirely within the nineteenth, the dates attributed in the illustration are completely wrong.

Eugene, Ore. ROBERT C. RICE

The fault was ours, not Mr. Williams'. Apologies. —ED.

"The New Impuritans" by Duncan Williams might well be made a protocol for the inswearing of all political, educational, and judicial appointees. Failure to subscribe to its moderate opinions might be au omatic grounds for impeachment and removal.

Scientists (as opposed to mere technicians and/or technologists), who get so little just publicity in your journal, would also subscribe to the basic concepts of Duncan Williams' article. But in fairness to the "scientific method" or "scientific philosophy" which has sustained the West

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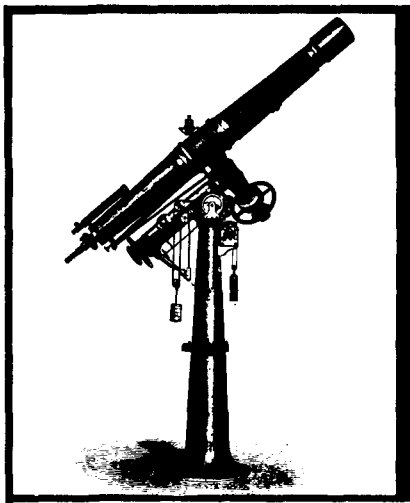

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since Eratosthenes, Archimedes, and Aristotle, Duncan Williams might have mentioned that the best of Western scientific thinking and writing should be included within his definition of "great literature." As much as literature, science has represented "man's victory over the diverse and bewildering complexities of his own nature and of the world surrounding him."

Please try not to give more cannon fodder to the foolish anti-science "romantic revival" of this decade. The real enemy of Arnold's Culture is not the scientific ethos and methods, but what Williams terms "egalitarianism." Science is essentially hierarchical, ordered, and categorical. The contents and pattern of the categories may change with time and place, but the hierarchies and patterns are *always* there. Science is *order*, anti-science is chaos and old night.

Milledgeville, Ga. HILTON STOWELL

Mr. Duncan Williams' opinions of contemporary authors reminded me of an essay by the late Irving Babbitt entitled "The Critic and American Life." Babbitt spoke for the so-called "New Humanists" when he deplored the American literature of the 1920s.

Taking much the same position as Mr. Williams, Babbitt attacked Mencken, Dreiser, Lewis, Anderson, and, with particular force, Dos Passos. Babbitt refers to *Manhattan Transfer* as having "slight value even as a sociological document; unless, indeed, one is prepared to admit that contemporary Manhattan is inhabited chiefly by epileptic bohemians."

The point being that literary classicists such as Babbitt and Williams are usually not very objective about the work of their contemporaries. They bring to their reading of contemporary literature a prejudice against modernity.

Mr. Williams need not fear the corruption of the masses by "the works of Pinter, Genet, Sartre, and Beckett." Indeed the masses could not care less. But if Mr. Williams *is* worried, he should forget that quartet of milksops and read William Burroughs and Hubert Selby. *Waiting for Godot* is positively heartwarming when compared with *Naked Lunch* and *Last Exit to Brooklyn.*

Pikesville, Md. JACK PURDY

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THE WEEK

■ Dear Skylab Astronauts: Welcome home. We're proud of you, and your beards look great. In case you're wondering what you've missed down here lately, we've had more inflation, a couple of kidnappings, run-ins with some tough Arabs, an energy crisis, comebacks by Bob Dylan, Muhammad Ali, and Maria Callas, Governor Rockefeller's resignation (no, he's clean as a whistle), bad weather, and lots and lots of optimistic predictions for the new year. All the best.

■ Ohio has become the 33rd state to pass the Equal Rights Amendment, leaving only five states to go before the Amendment is ratified. The opponents of ERA have always had the harder case: presenting legal technicalities is never easy and rarely makes good copy for prime time news. But some of the arguments of some of the opponents have also been less than convincing, however logical they may have seemed: would we really require pretty young things to undergo basic training in the Army? And surely the good sense of Americans makes unlikely a mandate for common bathroom facilities. If the Amendment is ratified, kooks will be all over the place with absurd lawsuits, nonkooks by the thousands will be trying to find out just what the Amendment does mean, and people will wonder how it could be that the Constitution before ERA was unable to handle the difference between men and women. One certainty: if the Amendment is ratified, lawyers will be more equal than anyone else.

■ After three years of service on the U.S. Postal Rate Commission, Mr. John L. Ryan of Indiana has told a congressional committee that mail service will not improve unless the monopoly status of the Post Office is ended. "I am convinced that real progress in mail service can only come when the law is revised in such a way as to permit private persons to compete with the Postal Service in the collection and delivery of letter mail," Ryan testified. "I do not believe that there is any substantive evidence that letter mail service has any of the economic characteristics of a natural monopoly," he added. "Even if I am wrong . . . no harm will be done. . . . Private enterprise will simply fail to compete effectively." In Ryan's expert opinion, "startling new technology" would cut mail costs and improve service "dramatically" in a few years once the postal monopoly is ended. An Administration seeking to regain the confidence of the people could make real headway by desocializing the Post Office.

■ Dear Senator/Congressman, wrote the *Times*, in its haughtiest manner, to 66 members of Congress from New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut: In view of the "growing concern" about "the financial affairs of public officials," won't you please send us "a statement of your net worth, and a copy of your latest income tax return" (and "any explanatory material" you'd like to append)? Replied James Buckley: No. Because 1) such information is none of the *Times*' business; 2) it is "presumptuous" of the *Times* to identify its own curiosity with public concern, when in fact none of my constituents has ever asked me for such information (indeed, my mail reflects considerable "public abhorrence of the kind of invasion of privacy represented by your request"); 3) the *Times* wields more influence than the 66 of us under its scrutiny, so why don't its key editors and writers publish their own tax returns, and call on their colleagues in the media to do likewise; and 4) the publication of my financial affairs may perhaps one day serve some public interest, a matter that I and not the *Times* will decide. Thus Senator Buckley. Meanwhile, several others humbly announced they would cooperate, including Senator Lowell Weicker, who promised to do so "enthusiastically," as if he ever did anything otherwise.

■ Richard Goodwin, the former speechwriter for Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, has published a three-part manifesto, "The American Condition," in *The New Yorker*. It is about things like poverty and alienation, especially alienation, which he is against, and would like to see abolished through some sort of governmental—well, *program* hardly seems the right word. *Transfiguration*, perhaps? Mr. Goodwin's prose, it must be said, is brain-scrambling and reads like Hegel's stream of consciousness or something. Though now and then it hovers tantalizingly on the verge of lucidity: "Human life can be enhanced only by modifying the relationships of society"; "A person with very little power is a slave"; at which points he is clearly wrong, and foolish, not to mention banal. Still, Mr. Goodwin has a way of keeping his nose to the Zeitgeist, and we have this sinking feeling his essay will turn up in hard covers, with appropriate fanfare from publisher and book clubs. Looks like the literary lead balloon of the year.

■ More Catholic than the Pope, more Jewish than the Jews, Dan Berrigan described himself in *that* speech as "a Jew in resistance to Israel." Asked by an interviewer from the *Village Voice* how he justified the pain his anti-Israel jeremiad had caused less Jewish Jews, Berrigan replied: "I look on my pain as being a little more authentic than theirs." *The people were astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.*

■ Got an energy shortage? No problem. Just pass a daylight savings time law and cut the voltage at the power house. Well, it's not that easy. An estimate of the savings resulting from DST hovers around 1 per cent, while some people claim that the darkness in the morning has caused the death of several schoolchildren. And it has been estimated that a 5 per cent voltage cut may

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The vote in that special Pennsylvania congressional election did not prove much of anything about the effect of Watergate on Republican fortunes. True, a Democrat took a seat the Republicans had held for nearly a quarter of a century. But the Democrat won by only a few hundred votes. Big guns from both sides inflicted themselves on the district—Senators Henry Jackson, Edmund Muskie, and Walter Mondale, Vice President Gerald Ford—and the loser wound up blaming (surprise!) the press, which he said had raised the issue of Watergate.

A more realistic test of Watergate's effect will come soon in a vote in Congress concerning another attempt to raise the minimum wage. Last year Mr. Nixon vetoed an especially flamboyant increase in the minimum wage, and Congress sustained the veto in a close vote. Mr. Nixon may duck a test vote. He may not veto the next increase, citing the continuing increase in the cost of living as an excuse for permitting almost any increase in the minimum wage.

■ A survey of congressmen indicates that impeachment is now "possible," according to the *Christian Science Monitor*, which conducted the survey. Of 98 Democrats responding, 41 said they favored impeachment, 21 said they were leaning toward impeachment, 26 were "undecided," and only ten said they were opposed. Of the 76 Republicans responding only two favored impeachment, with one leaning toward impeachment and 19 "undecided." The other 54 were opposed. The *Monitor* believes the "leaners" and "undecideds" are numerous enough to provide the House majority for impeachment if there is another Watergate "bombshell."

■ Another reverberation from Watergate: American Telephone and Telegraph is reconsidering the wisdom of its policy of releasing long distance call records to law enforcement agencies. The language of the Communications Act of 1934 was reenacted in the 1968 Safe Streets Act: a telephone company is "permitted" to turn over to a law enforcement official the toll call records of any customer. It is believed FBI agents can get such records simply by telephoning their requests to the telephone company. Newsmen are particularly offended by this practice. They say it is one way the government can track down newsmen's sources.

■ Mr. Nixon says the Republican Party should consider four candidates for the presidential nomination in 1976: Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan, Nelson Rockefeller, John Connally. Mr. Nixon sure knows how to hurt a guy. He refused to anoint Illinois Senator Charles Percy or former Attorney General Elliot Richardson. Says Percy: "I'm not concerned about lists. I'm on some lists and not on others at the White House." Percy was on the famous White House "enemies list." Barry Goldwater says Reagan is most apt to get nominated. The next three likeliest, in order, are Rockefeller, Connally, Ford. Most Washingtonians would disagree with Goldwater's assessment and make Ford the odds-on favorite.

■ How's this for a subject for, oh, maybe a doctoral dissertation: "The Effect of Watergate on Baseball." First came the report that a "spokesman" in the office of Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn had been spokesmaning out of school. Spoke the spokesman: "Because of the nature of the political climate in the country at this time there are no plans for a presidential opener." But Commissioner Kuhn rode to the rescue and promptly extended a personal invitation for the President to throw out the first ball. Which is all very nice, but where should he go to do it? Traditionally, Presidents throw out the first ball in Washington. But, then, traditionally Washington has a baseball team. But like a lot of other traditions, that one became inoperative a few years ago, when the Washington Senators moved to Texas. Last year Mr. Nixon drove up from San Clemente to throw out the first ball for the California Angels. Says a spokesman for the Angels: "Even in the current political situation I would not think crowd reaction to him at Anaheim Stadium would be negative. We're in Orange County, you know."

■ BRIEFS: Who says nothing gets cut from the federal budget? Missing from the Fiscal Year 1975 budget is the $1.5 million White House "special projects" fund. This is the fund that paid consultant E. Howard Hunt's salary. . . . Washington's Finest are not allowed to intimidate Washington's Filthiest. A federal judge has ordered Washington policemen to stop stepping into "adult" bookstores. The judge says the presence of the policemen might have a "chilling" effect on the fellows who are browsing among the fields of porn. . . . Before the soft shoe routine, a joke: Energy Czar William Simon says he has figured out how to punish a disobedient press: "Effective immediately, you will be allocated no more power than you had in your base period—1812." —CATO

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result in only a 1.3 per cent saving. Heaters simply run longer, as do refrigerators, and induction motors compensate by drawing more power. Electric lights use less power, but they account for only about 10 per cent of the energy requirement in the average home.

■ It is reported that a subaltern in the Treasury Department has been detailed to scrape the pats of butter off President Nixon's official portrait in a Treasury dining room after every meal. Another obvious example of government waste. Why can't the Treasury diners splatter the portrait with margarine?

■ Testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee Admiral Thomas M. Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, stated that he expects the Communist Chinese to have a long range ballistic missile operational by the latter part of this year. It will be able to reach the central regions of the Soviet Union (and western Alaska). Missile systems able to hit eastern Siberia were deployed by the Chinese last year. The Soviets are now estimated to have 2,500 military aircraft based near the Sino-Soviet border.

■ SALT I put a limit on the number of land-based ICBM silos each side could have, but no limit on the number of missiles. The U.S. delegates figured that was OK, because a silo is so damaged by the takeoff blast from the missile's booster that it couldn't be reused without major reconstruction. The new Soviet 4,500-mile, MIRVed SSX-19 ICBM, successfully tested last month, is designed, like three other Soviet missiles now in de-

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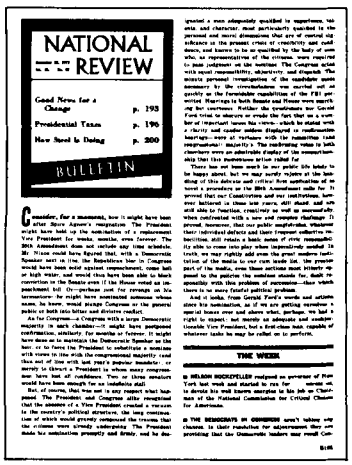
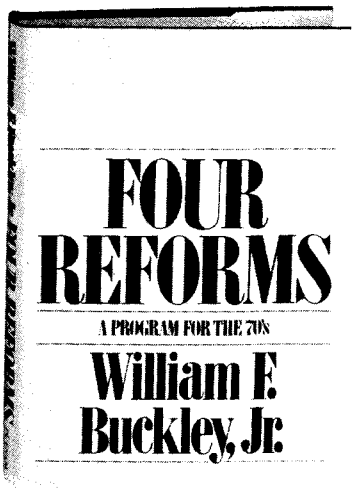

NATIONAL REVIEW

BULLETIN

...this remarkable new book by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., "Four Reforms—A Program for the Seventies" offers *positive* solutions for America's problems...



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velopment, for a "cold launch"—a low pressure ejection from the silo before lightup—that leaves the silo unhurt and ready for a new missile, rather like a big artillery piece getting a new shell after firing.

■ The U.S., France, and Britain are in an all-out race to sell the Arab oil countries huge numbers of the most advanced military aircraft, missiles, and other weapons. The only motive the Arab governments could have for getting such weapons, which are not relevant to the usual local miniwars of the Mideast, is to guard their oil wells from massive assault. The only nations that have a sufficient motive and means to consider taking over the oil fields are the U.S., France, and Britain.

■ Between France and the possible election of a Socialist-Communist popular front government stands only the increasingly shaky Gaullist regime of President Georges Pompidou. The President himself is thought to be gravely ill, and the two chief contenders for the succession both have political handicaps. Former Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas was forced from office in 1972 by an income tax scandal. Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's political fortunes are linked to the performance of the French economy during a highly uncertain period. The leftist coalition of Socialists and Communists headed by François Mitterand will probably be favored in the impending election. Its victory would introduce further strains into intra-European relations, and between Western Europe and the U.S.

■ A young man called on February 12 to tell us, in case we hadn't been listening to the radio, that Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn had been arrested. He went on to report the difficulty he had had earlier that morning getting in touch with various government officials, to register his opinion that the United States should take some action in Solzhenitsyn's behalf. At one point, he called Information to get the telephone number of the White House. "White House?" asked the operator. "Now where would that be?"

■ Idi Amin, meet Eric M. Gairy, Prime Minister of the newly independent Caribbean island of Grenada. Mr. Gairy appreciates the finer things, among them a hilltop mansion and a $15,000 bulletproof Cadillac. His lovely wife has a fascinating career as Grenada's Minister of Social Affairs. Although close to God, Mr. Gairy has enemies on earth—all of them in opposition parties—but he has two ways of dealing with them: "I have sent out long waves to my enemies. They can't sleep, they can't eat"; "lots of people have tried to get rid of me and they are lying in the cemetery." The opposition, he is certain, is being led by a foreign power: the maps and plans that have been found were "too well drawn up to have been made by this band of numskull lawyers leading the opposition against me." On the night of the island's freedom from Britain, Gairy announced that "now is the time for goodwill." While he was speaking, police arrested the leader of the principal opposition party. At the fireworks display on the same night, the home of another member of the opposition party could be seen burning in the distance.

■ Assorted Byzantine features appear to be involved in the firing of Hassanein Heykal, until last week the editor of Cairo's quasi-official newspaper *Al Ahram*. Central, however, is a policy dispute increasingly evident between Heykal and President Sadat. The president is inclined to take at face value Nixon-Kissinger assurances about U.S. efforts toward a Middle East settlement. Heykal is not buying that and was advocating editorially a tougher line vis-a-vis the U.S.

■ As if we didn't have enough to worry about, M. André Lallemand, chief astronomer of the Paris-based International Time Bureau, has informed the French Academy of Sciences that recent goings on have made poor old Earth so nervous she is speeding up her rate of rotation, with consequent reduction in the length of a day, at a rate faster than ever before in her history. Seems that the day has lost a full 0.001 seconds since New Year's.

■ CONVERSION OF THE WEEK: "We women of the Weather Underground, having lived in the United States as fugitives for more than three years, are writing to open up our thinking and practice to the rest of the Women's Movement. The purpose of this letter [to *Ms.*] is to mark a change—to commit ourselves as women to the cause of women." Who says A must say B, and the Weatherwomen don't even flinch at the implications of their new position: "We believe that the struggle against sexism demands the destruction of the American state . . ."

■ Note to those who think of the Cultural Revolution as a brainwashing movement, from Professor Fung Yu-lan, Communist China's *most* eminent academic: "What is wrong with brainwashing? People regularly wash their faces and take baths so as to keep clean. Why should a person not cleanse his mind of filth?"

Solzhenitsyn

Solzhenitsyn had warned Soviet authorities what sort of behavior they could expect at his trial: "I shall not go there on my own legs. I shall be taken there with my hands bound, in a police van. At such a tribunal, I shall reply to none of its questions. Condemned to incarceration, I shall not submit to the verdict unless manacled. Once incarcerated . . . I shall not work even for one half hour for my oppressors." And so, because they could not leave him as he was, holding the world's enthralled

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attention in his witness against the regime, they arrested him and sent him off not to prison or camp on the soil from which he drew his strength, but to forced exile in West Germany. A brilliant strategic move.

Solzhenitsyn, the exile, living in comparative luxury in the West, even though his wife and children remain as pawns in the Soviet Union, is a martyr deprived of his stake, of his garrot. Speaking from an alien land, he is no longer one with the suffering peoples of the Soviet Union. "All my life I have trod my country's soil," he wrote in refusing to go to Stockholm to receive his Nobel Prize, for fear that what has happened to him now would happen to him then. No matter what the brilliance of his pen, he now becomes a writer among writers—wise, sensitive, impassioned, but somehow, because he does not write in defiant scorn of prison, torture, or death, diminished in the popular mind. The great crusade for personal freedom in the Soviet Union—freedom as we know it—that he and Sakharov and the Medvedevs, Grigorenko, Sinyavsky, and all the others threatened to touch off among free men everywhere has been derailed by the cold technicians of terror in the Kremlin who, carefully pondering the alternatives, chose the one that leaves Solzhenitsyn free of their shackles, yet shackled.

The apostles of detente may hail Solzhenitsyn's exile as a triumph for their policies. See, they will say, how gently the authorities handled the premier dissident in their midst. They let him go; why they even gave him his fare out. But it is very precisely the point that the Soviets, in this as in all else, see detente as a one-way affair: they are to be allowed to do what they want and as they want to do it within their empire as it suits them. It suited them to handle the Solzhenitsyn crisis as they did because there are things they wanted more—hardnosed things like credits, and trade, and Western technology—than to murder him. But detente means to them also that they consider themselves free to "deepen the international class struggle" howsoever and wheresoever they choose, by whatever weapons they choose: by infiltration, by subversion, by terror, by wars of liberation, by force of arms.

And yet, and yet, as Solzhenitsyn wrote upon receiving his Nobel Prize: "Woe betide the nation whose literature is interrupted by force. This is not merely a violation of freedom of the press, it is the incarceration of the nation's heart, the amputation of the nation's memory."

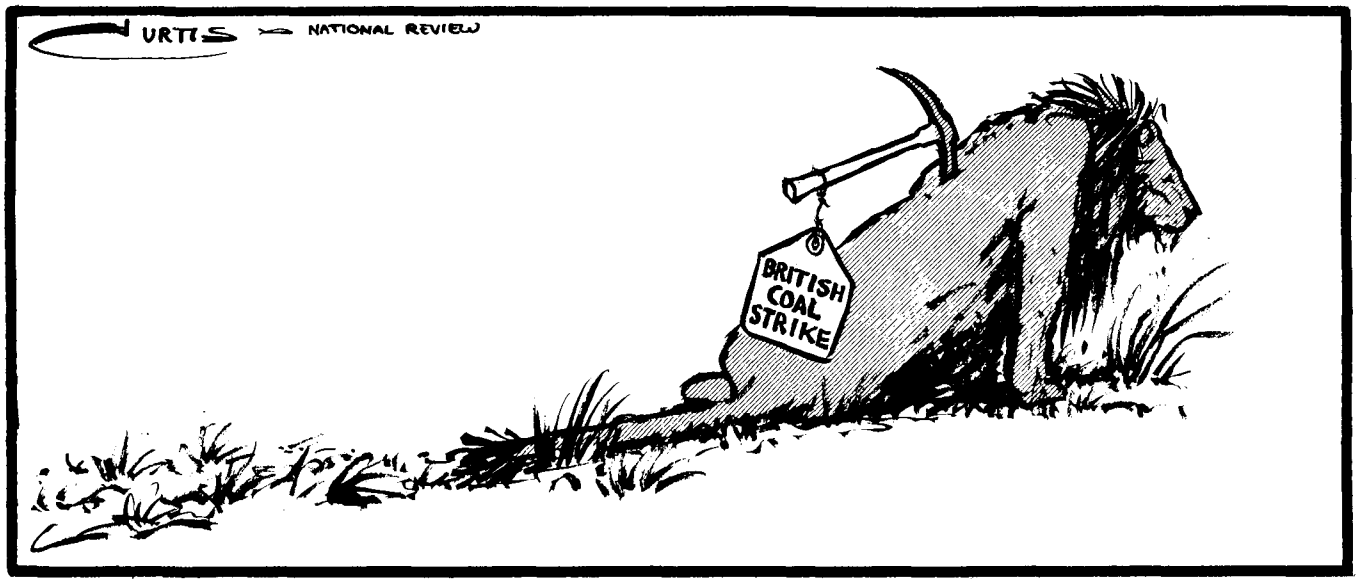
Political Independents

A recent Gallup Poll contains some interesting and important figures. Only 24 per cent of the voters now identify themselves as Republicans; 42 per cent call themselves Democrats. Watergate! No, not really. The Republican figure represents a decline of only 3 per cent from the 27 per cent who identified themselves as Republicans immediately after Richard Nixon's 1972 landslide.

Despite their relatively stronger showing in the current poll, the Democrats can take small comfort from Gallup. The 3 per cent of defecting Republicans did not shift to the Democrats but now call themselves "independents," a category that has risen to a high of 34 per cent. Over the long haul, the Democratic vector is down: ten years ago a clear majority of 53 per cent identified itself with the Democratic Party.

About these figures, two points:

In some part we are witnessing a cultural phenomenon —which has parallels in several other Western democracies—and certainly one possessing economic roots. Psychologically, sociologically, one might almost say spiritually, the status of independent is "higher" than that of an adherent of one of the traditional parties. It is interpreted as asserting freedom as against habit, the exercise of judgment rather than automatic allegiance. The independent is asserting that he is not one of the crowd, to be bought or conned, that he is an informed voter making up his mind on things, that, even, he has a disinterested concern for issues and for principle. No



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clubhouse hack or prisoner of the past is he. This is just such a claim as one might expect to be made by an increasing number of people in circumstances of affluence, mobility, and spreading literacy, at least literacy of a kind.

But another and more immediate factor is certainly operating. Both major parties are evidently bankrupt where domestic policy is concerned, and domestic policy is the "voting issue" for most citizens. The Nixon Administration has done nothing to convince its erstwhile New Majority that its needs and aspirations will be met within the system. All of the "social issues" that helped build that New Majority in 1972 are still there, with hardly a sign that the White House is aware of them, except quadrennially. When, as recent polls have shown, even New York City now possesses a majority of citizens who regard themselves as "conservative," it is clear that something in the country is changing. But not a great deal has changed in the Republican establishment; and, above all, nothing is being done. The Republicans can count themselves fortunate at 24 per cent.

Though there are indeed more Democrats, at least nominally, the Democratic Party hardly exists. Not a single national Democrat has emerged with proposals upon which to build a winning coalition. Sectionally, ideologically, and economically, the Democrats are fragmented, at loggerheads. The policy preferences of the Democrats' most aggressive and articulate wing are anathema to most Americans.

Often, in the past, urgent reports of the demise of one or both major parties has turned out to be premature, but the moment may now be at hand. Both have failed the elementary pragmatic criterion: to come forward with proposals that substantial numbers of Americans can care about. Both seem tied to their pasts, sleepwalking, zombie-like. Neither seems able to address itself to our present condition. The moment may be propitious for the formation of a new political grouping, possibly growing out of the shell of one of the old parties, which will draw from the effectively disfranchised voters of both parties to create a majority coalition.

George Wallace?

George Wallace stepped into the national consciousness as a regional figure—the combative, but to most people repellent, Governor of Alabama, the man who stood in the schoolhouse door, and who stood also for "segregation forever."

Very gradually, but perceptibly, George Wallace has undergone a metamorphosis, and he is at least on the threshold of stepping beyond his regional identity. As early as 1968 his set campaign speech stressed themes that were national in appeal; he spoke to and for a constituency of "forgotten Americans," which Nixon and Humphrey could touch, if at all, only remotely. By 1972 Wallace could carry any Southern state in the Democratic primary, and he swept Florida; but not only any Southern state: he could win in a big industrial state such as Michigan as well. Until he was shot, he led all other Democratic candidates in popular votes, and the McGovern staff was incongruously casting about for ways to establish "dialogue" with the Wallace voter.

A number of other factors have worked to reshape Wallace's identity. His new wife Cornelia is an enormous political asset, by her very presence helping to transform the toad, if not into a prince, at least into a representative American who does not wear shiny suits or spit in the wastebasket.

There is also the near-fatal shooting itself, in effect a cleansing wound that brought not only Nixon but also Kennedy and McGovern to Wallace's hospital bedside. Today Wallace, once ostracized from Democratic dinners and other functions even in Southern states, is a star attraction. His political staff is in constant touch with National Chairman Robert Strauss.

Wallace appears to have overcome the debilitating effects of his wound, and if he really has done so the wound could come to have a kind of subliminal mythic significance, much as did FDR's triumph over polio. FDR could overcome that handicap, so the symbolic reasoning went, and therefore the nation could triumph over economic depression and itself walk again. If Wallace can regain effectiveness, this could become an allegory of stepping beyond the recent past, beyond the Sixties, beyond Watergate and the other perplexities of the moment; Wallace would have survived and prevailed while other leaders fell.

It is interesting that Wallace has had little or nothing to say about Watergate. Whatever the reason, the effect has been to separate him from the furor, to set him apart from the contending voices. In recent days he has expressed careful support for the independent truckers; he has also touched on his tested themes of busing and the tax exempt foundations. He is said to be seeking sophisticated advice on matters of foreign policy, concerning

High Wire Act

Now watch the fearless Ford approach the wire;
The parasol flips open in his hand.
As Veep, his starting point is clearly higher
Than Connally's—oompahing in the band.
There's Rocky hawking hot dogs in a stand
As Ford applies some resin to his shoes.
While Percy gags on half a firebrand,
It's Ford who dominates the circus news.
The pollsters say if you and I could choose,
We'd go for Jerry Ford as of today.
I'm perfectly at home with all his views,
Though only Reagan makes me *boom*-tee-ay.
It all depends upon the wire's swing
And how he handles Dick down in the ring.

W. H. von Dreele

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which he has in the past shown little more than a rhetorical interest.

With the presidential election season still two years away, the Wallace organization is already taking on the look of a serious national enterprise. In contrast to his helter-skelter efforts in 1968 and 1972, his supporters are already organizing to pick up delegates. His Clif White/Rick Stearns is named Michael Griffin, a 25-year-old chief of field operations who has studied the methods of the Goldwater and McGovern movements.

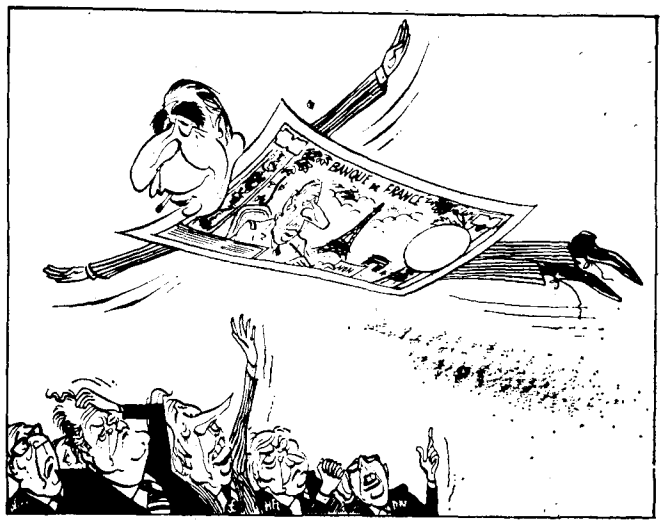
The suspicion persists, to be sure, that Wallace might be bad news economically, that he might espouse a Huey Long-style populist socialism totally unsuited to the complexities of economic relations in the 1970s.

Nevertheless, the objective political situation does look promising for a Wallace presidential effort. In 1972, Nixon's huge margin was due to the fact that he picked up the Wallace constituency and added it to his 1968 vote, thus creating the New Majority. What, in the event, has that New Majority received for its Nixon vote in 1972? It has received more busing, less gas, recession, more quotas in jobs and education, no effort whatever by the Administration to overturn the Court's abortion ruling; it has just received from the White House a new version, still vague, of the Family Assistance Plan, abandoned by Nixon in 1972 in the interest of reelection, and a massive national health insurance program. Under the Nixon Administration, the decline in U.S. military power has taken on the appearance of the inexorable. On every one of those issues, Wallace might appeal powerfully to the people who voted for Nixon and have not changed their minds on the issues.

The Dragon Rumbles

In the race to figure out what in the name of Ying and Yang is going on in the Middle Kingdom at the moment, it is every commentator for himself, no guesses barred. The significance of the facts at hand is rather less than crystal clear: Confucius has been moved up to the top of the Public Enemy list. Schubert, Beethoven, and Mozart were imperialist scoundrels. Lin Piao is or rather was a confessed Confucian of the darkest dye. We can follow along up to this point with only a mild daze. But next we learn that Owen Lattimore—the same Owen Lattimore whose only rival as tried and true friend and admirer of Red China was the late Edgar Snow—is also a lowdown lying Confucian, and that the documentary on China recently made (with Peking's enthusiastic permission) by lifelong leftist Italian movie director Michelangelo Antonioni is a sinister libel, and Antonioni himself a gangster and buffoon.

Let us add to our fact list, the announcement that there has begun a new "mass movement initiated and personally led by our great leader Chairman Mao"; the accumulating reports of incidents similar to those that inaugurated the Great Cultural Revolution; the attacks



Behrendt, *Het Parool*, Amsterdam — Rotheo

Floating away . . .

on several European diplomats in Peking; the occupation of the Paracel Islands after an attack on the South Vietnamese units stationed there; the slowdown in the past several months in Peking overtures looking toward increased trade or contact with the Western nations.

We do not have nearly enough to reach any firm conclusions, but one or more or all of the following possibilities suggest themselves: 1) The reputed leftist faction headed by Mao's wife, Chiang Ching, and including the young newcomer, Wang Hung-wen, named last summer to the leadership, is staging a comeback drive, with Chou En-lai possibly one of their targets. 2) The Party apparatus wants to reduce the power of the Army, which was brought in to pull things together after the Cultural Revolution. 3) China is once again, as so often in her history before as well as after the Communist revolution, swept by xenophobic reaction against the barbarians outside the Middle Kingdom. 4) Mao Tse-tung really means what he has said about the need for periodic stormy renewal of the revolution in order to prevent the officials and intellectuals from crystallizing into a new ruling class, and wants to lead a final renewal in the last stage of his own life. 5) Somebody is battling somebody for the succession that cannot be far in the future to the old men now ruling China.

Allocating Trouble

Federal allocation of petroleum products was, we were told when the crunch started, "designed to distribute available supplies equitably." That sounds simple enough, if we assume that a relevant standard of equity does exist, and that government policies can be judged by their announced intentions.

The Administration's first allocative decision was to ask refineries to cut back on gasoline production in order to increase the supply of distillates (mostly diesel fuel and home heating oil). This policy was finally softened

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on February 10, when distillate stocks were a full 38 per cent above the level of the preceding year. Heating oil prices have begun to fall, and the main problem in getting the stuff is that oil delivery trucks do not have enough gasoline.

One reason for emphasizing distillates at the expense of gasoline was, presumably, the power of the independent truckers. The truckers had originally been assured of 110 per cent of 1972 use, and since their show of force have been promised all they want at frozen prices. Allocations of jet fuel to airlines have also been raised. Bulk buyers in business and government, farmers, and certain other groups have been favored from the start. Individual motorists got what was left over after all this, except that 3 per cent of the gasoline is hoarded by state governments.

Monthly gasoline allocations meant that many stations in shortage-prone areas would run dry toward the end of the month. Delays in getting February allocations distributed were partly due, according to Shell Oil, to the "confusion and expanded paperwork connected with the . . . allocation systems." February allocations originally varied from 80 per cent of 1972 use in Maryland, where population has exploded since 1972, to over 100 per cent in Minnesota, where it has not. New Jersey, the home of Exxon, was slated to get 83.8 per cent of 1972 use—partly because the allocators didn't notice that Tenneco, Phillips, and Citgo had pulled out of New Jersey since 1972.

Because of the gas scare, people are staying close to home while their gas is allocated according to where they were driving in 1972. Stations located near resorts or on interstate highways often have ample supplies, but there are severe shortages near many major population centers. Despite various schemes to raise or lower the amount of gasoline per stop, or regulate the hours and days on which it can be bought, many people are still wasting gallons by waiting in line an hour or more. Some Northeastern stations sell gas only for an hour or two in the morning, and tight controls on pump prices eliminate any incentive to add help and lengthen hours. Elsewhere, the American Automobile Association is gauging shortages by how many stations close by 7 P.M. or on Sundays.

To make matters worse, the Energy Office is evening out the supply of crude oil among refineries. Companies that have oil have to give it to those that don't, at bargain prices, so there is no incentive for the "haves" or "have nots" to scramble for more costly imports. This levels downward, making all refineries run at an egalitarian 76 per cent of capacity. But some of the aided refineries are obsolescent. Others make only specialty products and either can't make gasoline or can do so only in ways that waste a lot of crude.

Regional misallocations of gasoline have little to do with natural endowments or the location of refineries. This is a very mobile economy. Without price controls and arbitrary allocation, market forces would create ample incentives to produce and sell more gasoline, and to move it from areas of relative abundance to areas of scarcity. Free exchange solves such problems continually, in ways that we all take for granted. The Energy Office blunders prove once again that central direction creates more problems than it solves.

Terror Comes Home to Roost

Munich, Rome, Athens, London, and now Berkeley. The members of the Symbionese Liberation Army belong to the American branch of the budding international terrorist movement (see "Protracted Conflict"). It is fitting that they have chosen to begin a new phase in the American war in Berkeley, the birthplace of the Free Speech movement. Marcus Foster, the Oakland school official assassinated by the SLA in November, was "an enemy of the people." Patricia Hearst, as the daughter of the wealthy Hearst family, is a member of the "fascist ruling class," and if the two SLA members who are accused of killing Foster aren't released, "prisoner of war" Hearst will be executed. After promulgating their nonnegotiable demands, the radicals embarked on their propaganda campaign: wealthy businessman Hearst must give $400 million worth of free food to the poor. This touch is to show us that while they may be radical, they are also compassionate and self-sacrificing.

In 1970 the government had a plan, drafted by Tom Charles Huston, which called for the surveillance and infiltration of groups that pose a threat to internal security. J. Edgar Hoover opposed the plan, however, and after only five days in operation it was scrapped, to surface in the course of the Watergate investigations. Today the Huston plan is one of the particulars that the House Judiciary Committee will be examining in relation to the possible impeachment of Richard Nixon. The President's defense has contended that the wave of bombings on college campuses and the lack of coordination among government agencies led him to approve the plan. Now his defense might argue further that if the Huston plan, or something comparable to it, were in active operation, Patricia Hearst might be yawning through an art class, instead of being the frightened prisoner of a band of maniacs.

Cardinal Mindszenty

Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty, primate of Hungary, living in exile in Vienna, is one of the principal symbols of resistance to Communist dictatorship, and, as a churchman, the living embodiment of the principle that the Christian conscience is not an instrumentality of the state. The Vatican could not have chosen a less propitious moment to dump him. Even as Mindszenty was being involuntarily retired, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, another great Christian, was being arrested and exiled by

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the Kremlin bosses of the Budapest regime; with the latter, the Vatican in pursuit of its Ostpolitik enters into ever more cordial relations.

As might be expected, the ironies multiply. The Vatican propitiates the Communist regime in Budapest, where religious persecution is state policy. At the same time, it ostentatiously draws away from the regime in Spain, where the faith is freely practiced. When fundamental contradictions exist in a policy, irony is bound to be its dominant feature.

It is reported that the Vatican is very much concerned over the book Cardinal Mindszenty has been working on and which is expected to be published shortly, probably not under the title *The Deputy*.

Christopher T. Emmet, R I P

Chris Emmet's name was not well known to the casual public, but he was closer to his time, and had more influence on it, than many of the accepted celebrities. He spent much of his boyhood in Europe, especially in Germany, where he graduated from the University of Freiburg. In Europe he learned at first hand about Communism, already in power in Europe's largest nation, and the Nazi movement, building toward power in Europe's heartland. Unlike not a few of his contemporaries, he saw from the start that both these ascending forces of totalitarian tyranny were alike in their absolute negation of freedom and justice. Although not wealthy, Chris Emmet had inherited sufficient money to live in the modest style he preferred. Not, therefore, requiring or wanting more money for himself, he decided to make the defense of freedom and justice his life work; and in particular, their defense against the two totalitarian forces that he correctly understood to be the primary enemies of freedom and justice in our epoch. With rare self-appreciation, he realized that he did not possess the talents that could make him a famous writer or orator or mass leader. He concentrated his efforts and time on the less visible essential substructure of public action: on meeting people and bringing them together; doing the day by day administrative work of public committees; carrying on a large and global correspondence; tirelessly pressing legislators and officials for specific actions that furthered the defense of freedom and justice. Not long after Hitler took power, he was responsible for founding the Christian Committee to Boycott Nazi Germany, and he was a leading member of the William Allen White Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. He was a cofounder of the postwar American Council on Germany, which brought German and American leaders together, and sought to foster German democracy. He organized the protest against the treason trial of Cardinal Mindszenty, and the court and public action that brought freedom to Osaka Kosenkina when she was held captive by the Soviet consulate in New York. He was the secretary of the American Friends of the Captive Nations, the organization that has helped keep alive the hope of freedom in Eastern Europe. Chris Emmet was a moderate liberal, and usually voted Democratic. But he never slipped into the double standard so prevalent in contemporary political morality. He was invariably on the side of freedom and justice, against whatever side the threat came from. His hundreds of friends here and throughout the world will be saddened by his death.

Our Oldest Ally

They make a lovely china
  And endless kinds of cheese.
Their vineyards rate among the great
  (And ditto their DTs).
Their reasoning is brilliant;
  Their cooking is supreme.
They're fun to wench, but it's not French
  To play upon a team.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

Perhaps it has never occurred to you, but most people do not tune in to Firing Line to hear your inane opinions and tedious talk, but, rather, we tune in to hear your guests. You do, as a rule, have some extraordinarily interesting guests. We all look forward to the times you realize you are outclassed and are content to be quiet and listen. I want to protest your boorish behavior toward Miss Jessica Mitford in your last show. You interrupted her every time she tried to develop a line of thought, badgered her over trivia, and left me with a feeling of annoyance at you and sympathy for her.

Sincerely,
Henry F. Schwarz III
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Mr. Schwarz: 1) A secret poll, recently conducted by a joint team of Gallup, Harris, and Yankelovich, reveals that 94 per cent of the American people are *wild* about my opinions, and 91 per cent *fascinated* by my talk. That poll suggests that dissenters are outside the mainstream of American opinion. 2) I did not try to interfere with the development of Miss Mitford's line of thought, but to midwife a line of thought. Alas, her line of thought on prison reform proves to be stillborn.

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But do not despair. My efforts, and your annoyance, might serve to refertilize her mind, leaving us to worry, tomorrow, only about you. Yours cordially,

—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Jessica Mitford, who appeared with you on TV this evening on public television—and never have you skewered a person who more deserved it—twice sneeringly mocked Governor Reagan's pronunciation of his surname as RAYG'N. She insisted, inferentially, that this was an affectation and that the name should be pronounced *ree*-G'N. As in much else, she is wrong.

The Irish surname is Ó RÉAGÁIN, the Irish "e" with the fada (accent) giving it the sound of ā. And so, amongst Irish speakers and those who use the Irish form of their surnames, it is always pronounced OH *ray*-GAWN.

Thus, both you and the Governor are right.

Mise le meas
Leo Kearney O'Drudy Jr.
Lt. Colonel, USMC
Washington, D.C.

■ MEMO TO: Bill
FROM: Priscilla

Would you announce in "Notes and Asides" the winners of the Prophet of the Year contest for 1973. We are now able to complete tabulation of the results, the Bureau of Labor Statistics having come up with the answer to question No. 19: "The United States unemployment rate at the end of the year was above 5 per cent." Answer: false, it was 4.9 per cent.

In general our readers did worse this year than last. Perhaps the questions were knottier; perhaps the political situation was harder to predict. The winner got three wrong this year (last year's winner got only two wrong) and those who placed second, third, fourth, and fifth had five wrong (as against three wrong last year). Three of the five prize winners came from California, one from Minnesota, only one from the East Coast (Washington, D.C.). Don't tell Germaine Greer, but they were all men.

Our Prophet of the Year is Emmett Alldredge of Huntington Park, California, and he missed on these three questions: "An earthquake of an intensity of at least 4 on the Richter scale occurred in at least one of the following: California, Japan, Alaska" (should have been false); "A motion to impeach President Nixon was introduced in the House of Representatives" (should have been true); "At least one of the following is true, a) the Los Angeles Lakers won the National Basketball Association championship, b) the Oakland Athletics won the baseball World Series, c) the Boston Bruins won the Stanley Cup" (should have been true). Second prize winner, with five wrong but nearer than the other fivers to the Dow Jones at year's end (he guessed it at 895, it was 850.86), was Fred Crowe of Burlingame, California; third was John McKenzie of St. Paul, Minnesota (933.1 on Dow Jones;) fourth, Ed Grady, Oakland, California (DJ 975); and fifth, Paul Blackman, Washington, D.C. (DJ 1005.13). From those figures, it looks as if only bulls read *NR*. The following proved to be true: Questions 2, 6, 10, 13, 17. All the rest were false.

We all regret that we won't be having a new Prophet of the Year contest this year. The time and cost of handling the huge number of entries are, unfortunately, more than *NR* can manage.

Federal Health Insurance

Sideways or up and down, it's coming;
I find the whole conception numbing.
Though Nixon's version's slightly cheaper,
It twines just like Virginia Creeper.
Five years from now, ten thousand axes
Will fail to chop away the taxes.
Proponents see another Eden.
Myself, I'm focusing on Sweden.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A few years ago Bob Considine wrote from Nairobi that he "never knew until this trip that 'hippopotamus' means river horse in Latin." We must, however, make allowances for Bob. Being a liberal, he labors under the misapprehension that history began with the French Revolution and is probably totally unaware of the existence of Classical Greek.

However, in your column of today's date in the *San Antonio Light* I read: "An acting President cannot be made to feel like Macbeth's uncle, the successor king, sleeping in incestuous sheets."

Referring you to *Hamlet*, Act I, Scene 2, Lines 156 and 157, I remind you that I have adduced an excuse for Bob, but I would like to hear yours. Sincerely,

Murl J. Manlove
San Antonio, Texas

Dear Mr. Manlove:

Come on. I am perfectly capable of typing out the sentence, "When Washington delivered his Gettysburg address . . ." I mean, that kind of thing happens. When it does, it should be caught a) by me, when I reread my column; failing that b) by my office, if the column is on that day traveling to the syndicate via my office; c) by the syndicate before it sends it out to the newspapers; d) by the newspaper editor before sending it to be set; e) by the proofreader on reading proof. It is safer, when a fail-safe mechanism as elaborate as this fails, to assume that all human systems are capable of concerted carelessness, than that the entire editorial structure of American journalism has lapsed into historical or literary amnesia. Cordially,

—WFB

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Do It

TOM MCCALL of the sovereign state of Oregon and Milton Shapp of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania are not household words, at least outside of the states they govern. So why are they on television? They are on television because they have been making news. Actually, the fact that a governor can make national news is itself national news. Messrs. McCall and Shapp have been participating in solving some difficult problems. They and other governors have been drawn into an interesting process, whereby the nation rediscovers the utility of federalism. This process also is eliciting a comical reaction from some sober folks, and we in Washington will take our comedy where we find it, thank you.

This process is related to the current energy unpleasantness, and specifically to long lines at service stations and the strike by independent truckers.

In some, but by no means all parts of the nation there have been astonishing tieups at gasoline pumps. In some areas where the tieups are worst, the people are in the grip of a vicious cycle. The shortage has produced panic, which aggravates the shortage. People are sitting in long lines burning with anger as they burn gas in order to creep toward the distant pumps in order to keep their tanks abnormally full. In normal times most drivers do not fill their tanks until they are three-quarters empty. But today most drivers are filling their tanks when they are three-quarters full.

However that may be, the shortage is real, and so is the panic about it. And so is the predictable clamor for the President to "do something" about it, preferably by imposing the rationing for which zillions of ration coupons have already been printed. The President, bless his heart, has done nothing. But that does not mean that "nothing has been done." In fact, quite a lot has been done at the state level from Oregon to Maryland and from New Jersey to Florida. Most state responses have been variations on the Oregon theme—Governor McCall's plan for selling gasoline on alternate days to vehicles with license plates ending in odd and even numbers. Because the seriousness of the shortage (and panic) varies greatly from region to region, and even from state to state within regions, it is sensible for Mr. Nixon to let the governors tailor their own responses. Sensible, yes, but mystifying and at least faintly disreputable in the eyes of the many people who have forgotten this is a federal republic.

Of course there are a lot of good reasons for federalism, but a lot of those reasons relate to a fact that is so basic and obvious that no one ever thinks of it: this is a big country. A continental country. A continental country with regional differences that dictate different ways of living. For example (are you with me, class?) Montanans use their cars (and those pickup trucks you see out there—the ones with the rifle racks in the rear windows) in different ways than Bostonians do. The fact that Mr. Nixon has not imposed a continental solution (and, more than likely, given the continent's diversity, a continental mistake) has provoked indignation and, in some cases, gleeful derision from folks who get nervous when Washington does not cut itself in on the action. They say Mr. Nixon's judicious self-restraint is evidence that the Watergate wallow has produced a (and here is this week's buzz phrase) "leadership vacuum."

Well now.

Watergate *has* consumed a lot of Mr. Nixon's time and energy—much more than he or his men will admit. And, yes, Watergate *has* made Mr. Nixon shrink from actions—like rationing—that would generate grievances. But it happens that common sense is on the side of letting the governors grapple with the states' gasoline problems. And the odd and comical thing is that many of the folks complaining are not folks whose idea of good government is an energetic Mr. Nixon imposing his will from Maine to California.

There also were similar complaints when the White House allowed Governor Shapp to act as broker in helping settle the independent truckers' strike. It was an untidy arrangement, but then, it was an untidy strike. The truckers had a common grievance but no common representative and no common, visible enemy—other than the energy crisis and a wad of federal red tape. A lot of independent truckers live in and serve industries in Governor Shapp's state, and the Pennsylvania Turnpike was a potential flash point for the violence that was part of the militants' attempts to get strike compliance from the loose-knit truckers. It was sensible for a governor with responsibility for dealing with the effects of the strike to act as a broker between the truckers and the Federal Government, which was a prime source of the truckers' problems.

ARABS had driven up the price of diesel fuel, but freight rates—the amount truckers can charge—are held down by federal regulations, the purpose of which is to prevent market forces from having free play. The Administration jerrybuilt about as good a solution as possible: it refused the demand for a rollback of fuel prices but allowed the truckers to charge higher rates. This is a helluva way to run a railroad, but that is how we run railroads and trucking, and that is why the railroads are the way they are, and why the price of diesel fuel can cause a truckers' strike. But Mr. Nixon did not create the foolish web of regulations, and he can not unravel the web by decree, and he was right to allow Governor Shapp to be a buffer between the angry truckers and the White House. Naturally this episode was deplored as another demonstration of the "leadership vacuum" and, naturally, some of the folks doing the deploring were not logical advocates of expanding Mr. Nixon's influence.

There *is* something untidy about the way Tom and Milton and Rubin (Askew of Florida) and Marvin (Mandel of Maryland) and others are getting in on the action. But, then, the clever men who founded a federal republic favored such untidiness as a matter of principle. □

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Entering the Terrorist Age?

JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

AT THE END of January Raymond Marcellin, French Minister of the Interior, ordered dissolution of four "liberation movements"—two rival factions of the Breton Liberation Front, the Basque Enbata, and the Corsican Liberation Front. These organizations, like hundreds of others throughout the non-Communist world, have combined open political agitation with terrorist activities.

M. Marcellin, however, did not motivate his decree of dissolution by either their open politics or their underground violence, but by the links each had established with revolutionary groups in other nations: Enbata with Spanish revolutionaries, the Corsican Front with Italian, and the Breton factions with the Provisional IRA.

In the past few years there have been two notable developments in the global terrorist situation. On the quantitative side, the number of "serious" terrorists —as distinguished from "the kids" indulging themselves according to passing fashion—has greatly increased. And there has also been a qualitative change: the multiplication of international linkages among the terrorist organizations. Many of the international ties are loose, but their expansion suggests the possibility of a Terrorist International.

Probably the best known international link connects the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP) with the Red Army of Japan. Like many other terrorist groups, the Red Army is a splitoff from the official Communist Party. It descends from Zengakuren, former student affiliate of the Party, from which it broke in 1969. The Red Army's discipline is strict. While searching for a winter hideout of the Red Army's in the mountains north of Tokyo, the police stumbled on a cache with more than a dozen corpses, which turned out to be those of dissident Red Army members who had been tortured and strangled by their comrades.

The Red Army's first publicized action was the hijacking of a Japanese airplane to North Korea in 1970. It had already made contact with the PFLP, which set up a Tokyo office and recruited Red Army members for special training in Lebanon. Three of these recruits staged the massacre (27 dead, 80 wounded) in Israel's Lod airport. The Red Army-PFLP combine has been lately in the news for the Singapore seizure of a ferry following sabotage of oil tanks, the takeover of the Japanese embassy in Kuwait, and the subsequent flight to freedom in South Yemen.

Globetrotting Terror

The IRA has for several years been getting money, arms, and other aid from non-Irish sources. Soviet-made portable missiles as well as rifles and submachine guns began reaching the Provisionals as long as two years ago. Moreover, some of the terrorists who carry out actions in England on behalf of the IRA are apparently not themselves IRA members or even Irish. The Provisionals are known to be in touch with Palestine terrorists. Terrorist actions are prominent among the stepped up operations of the guerrilla movements in southern Africa. These movements get all sorts of support—sanctuary, money, weapons, training—not only from many African nations but from the Communist countries and, indeed, from groups within several Western nations, including the U.S.; even from some Western governments (e.g., Sweden).

The Trotskyites, with their Fourth International, have made a basic turn to support of terrorism. At the end of December a faction (the "VI Assembly") of the Basque terrorist organization *Euzkadi ta Azktasuna* announced that it was merging with the Trotskyite *Liga Communista Revolucionaria. Red Star*, the chief Trotskyite organ in Britain, praised the assassination of Admiral Carrero Blanco, carried out by another ETA faction. The International Marxist Group, a British Trotskyite faction headed by Tariq Ali, has done gunrunning for the IRA. Professor Ernest Mandel of the Brussels Free University, general secretary of the Fourth International, has publicly supported Irish and Latin American terrorists. (It was through Brussels that Palestinian terrorists brought into Europe the Soviet portable surface-to-air missiles that caused the January emergencies at West European airports.) Although the Trotskyites have strong parties in only a few countries, they have at least some sort of organization in nearly all. Their turn is a big step in the internationalization of terrorism. China, the Soviet Union, and other of the Communist nations (especially East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Bulgaria) directly and indirectly support many of the terrorist organizations in Africa, the Mideast, Latin America, and elsewhere.

Terrorism as Business

The terrorist surge is by no means confined to political movements. Criminal and gangster types are getting into the terrorist act for purely business reasons. In Italy most of the kidnappings, which have netted $15 or $20 million since December 1972, are supposed to be Mafia jobs. However, the line between politics and crime is often obscure. U.S. corporations are said to have paid out more than $10 million in the Argentine kidnappings of the past few years, but many of these have been carried out by extremist groups, ostensibly, at least, to serve political objectives. It is hard to find any classification to cover such outfits as the Symbionese Liberation Army or the killers who shoot San Franciscans at random.

Nor is terrorism practiced only by outlaws and dissidents. Amnesty International accuses 70 governments of torture and other terrorist methods. Amnesty International sometimes confuses normal police brutality with torture, but there is no doubt that many governments do make use of terror. This is conspicuously the case in the Communist nations, where there are no private terrorists. Terrorism, like other industries, is a government monopoly.

I plan to continue, two weeks from now, with a discussion of the historical and philosophic framework of contemporary terrorism, now seemingly become endemic, and to consider whether anything can be done about it. □

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First in the war for the environment,
first in peace with honor, first in energy,
first with a budget over $300 billion:
but only 26 per cent in the hearts of his countrymen

The Presidency Goes Nowhere

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

DR. JOHNSON is authority for the proposition that in the composing of lapidary inscriptions, a man is not upon his oath. This same gentle exemption applies to the honorifics of parliamentary speech, by which every incompetent becomes distinguished, and every rogue a statesman. The rule reaches, indeed, to all forms of political address, and it particularly encompasses the high-flown rhetoric of a State of the Union message.

Like poetry, such messages demand the willing suspension of disbelief. It is not expected of a President on these occasions that he speak truth; it is generally thought sufficient if a President arrives on time, limits himself to 45 minutes, and does not palpably insult the opposition. Otherwise a President is restrained only by his own sense of self-restraint, which in the case of most Presidents is not remarkably large.

Under the rules of the game, Mr. Nixon was thus entitled, on the evening of January 30, to lave the nation with bubble-bath prose. This he did. And if the address he delivered had been delivered by any other President, under any other circumstances, it would have floated off to the archives on gassy waves of applause. That would have been that.

But presidentially speaking, we live in peculiar times. The White House has lost such vast reserves of credibility that Mr. Nixon now appeals to the people in the same way that Penn Central approaches its bankers. Magnanimity is down to zero. Old rules of charity have been suspended. Coming from a Lyndon Johnson, a State of the Union message could be viewed as casually, and as forgettably, as a mouthwash commercial; coming from Richard Nixon, a State of the Union message gets the treatment accorded a statement of net worth.

There was this further difficulty on the evening of the 30th. In happier times—one recalls especially the return from Russia—Mr. Nixon had come before the Congress as triumphantly as any Caesar returning from the wars. This time he was more in the role of some Spartacus in the pit. Left unspoken was the embarrassing fact that echoed through the House: this was the accused confronting his accusers. Mr. Nixon began with the usual address to the Speaker, the President of the Senate, his colleagues in the Congress, and the distinguished guests assembled, but he might have included, sotto voce, the gentlemen of the jury. It was not a comfortable hour.

Given these unseemly circumstances, the address, as an address, came off remarkably well. It ranked among the President's better forensic efforts, about seven on a scale of ten, and it played effectively on TV. Within the chamber itself, the applause was neither so warm nor so bipartisan as it appeared on the screen. Everyone was role-playing, as on opening night, and while the critics civilly clapped, most of the noise came from the claque for the leading tenor.

Piano . . . Piano

The form was excellent, but the content, alas, was not up to the form. On close analysis—the kind of analysis from which such addresses often are charitably spared—the speech suffered from immodesty, hyperbole, and whitewash. To repeat, these are the immemorial characteristics of State of the Union speeches, and ordinarily are forgiven. But when they are combined, in the case of Mr. Nixon, with the little flicking words and phrases that constantly mark his rhetoric, many of the President's admirers tend to wince and roll their eyes.

There is, for example, this phrase, "with honor." Honor is a beautiful word. Falstaff's catechism to one side, honor is a noun to be cherished; it rings of good steel. But it is a word, I should think, to be used sparingly and with restraint. For the past year, Mr. Nixon has spoken so many times of peace "with honor" that the edge has worn off. The word has become a word of mockery, a paper sword for cardboard

Mr. Kilpatrick is a syndicated columnist.

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combat. All of our troops have returned, said the President, "with honor." It may be true in the judgment of history; surely it is true in the eyes of the President; but great numbers of Americans, for one reason or another, see no honor of any sort in Vietnam. They would like to see the word retired, but the President will not desist. Some compulsion comes over him, and out it comes. It is no wonder that bumper stickers are appearing that urge Impeachment with Honor.

So it is, too, with Mr. Nixon's addiction to "first." The psychologists, working up a profile from his syntax, have noticed this obsession. There is nothing at all wrong, and a great deal that is right, in wanting to be first—first in the dash, first in the hurdles, first in the mile. But something in Mr. Nixon wants to be first in *everything*, and after a while his incantations of primacy get to be a bad Russian joke.

"Tonight," said the President, "for the first time in 12 years," the country is at peace. "For the first time in a generation," no men are being drafted. "For the first time ever," we have organized a massive effort to protect the environment. "In all of the 186 State of the Union messages delivered from this place in our history, this is the first in which the one priority, the first priority, is energy." A few days later Mr. Nixon became the first President ever to submit an annual budget of more than $300 billion. He has a wall of such rosettes, citations, and trophies, but it would be a relief if he did not call them to our attention quite so often.

Vintage Nixon

The State of the Union speech was marred by one other passage of pure Nixon. He spoke of the disengagement of Egyptian and Israeli forces, and went on to say: "Because of this hopeful development, I can announce tonight that I have been assured, through my personal contacts with friendly leaders in the Middle Eastern area, that an urgent meeting will be called in the immediate future to discuss the lifting of the oil embargo."

The sentence is oddly revealing. It had the dramatic flair of a newscaster snatching copy hot from the wire: I have just been handed a bulletin that says . . . It had overtones of conceit: my personal contacts. It swelled with portentous adjectives: the urgent meeting, the immediate future. The implied promise of an early lifting of the embargo drew five-star applause. And the whole thing was phony. As the White House lamely acknowledged later, the President was referring to a meeting of no great urgency, holding no special promise, already scheduled for Libya on February 14. This was fire-sale stuff, and I wish Mr. Nixon would stop it.

By custom, every State of the Union address outlines what a President expects to accomplish in the year ahead. Obedient to ritual, Mr. Nixon laid down "ten agenda items." If we make these our national agenda, he said, this is what we will achieve in 1974: We will break the back of the energy crisis, take another giant stride toward lasting peace, check the rise in prices, and establish a new system of high-quality health care. We will also make our states and localities more responsive, make a crucial breakthrough (not just a breakthrough, but a crucial breakthrough) in mass transportation, reform our system of federal aid to education, make an historic beginning (another first!) in protecting the right of privacy, and start on a new road toward welfare reform. The President also promised, in passing, that "there will be no recession."

To go back to the point of beginning: Mr. Nixon's "agenda" is entirely typical of the art form. Every politician, every party platform, every presidential candidate, and every President says this sort of thing. It is instantly recognizable as so much suet, something for the birds. More than any other factor, the practice has contributed to the decline in confidence in political institutions. Mr. Nixon's ten items will be seen as ten promises, and a year hence, when it is evident that few have been kept, the disillusion will be that much deeper: it will be said, anew, that you can't believe anything they say. Other Presidents, in other times, could risk such empty pronouncements. Mr. Nixon, I submit, cannot.

The protocol of a State of the Union message requires that a President report on the nation's health. Its health depends. If a Republican President is just taking over from a Democratic predecessor, or vice versa, he cannot find the patient's health especially good. After all, the newly elected President has just spent six months denouncing the national ills and promising to relieve them. After a President has been in for a few years, the state of the Union naturally improves. In reading the fever charts, however, it is accepted practice to start from a time when somebody else was in charge.

Mr. Nixon followed the score precisely in his recent performance: "It was five years ago on the steps of this Capitol that I took the oath of office as your President. In those five years, because of the initiatives undertaken by this Administration, the world has changed. America has changed. As a result of those changes, America is safer today, more prosperous today, with greater opportunity for more of its people than ever before in our history."

Puffery, Also Truth

The more the President looked at the state of the Union, the better he liked it. Five years ago, America was at war in Vietnam, at odds with Russia, and cut off from China. Our cities were burning and besieged, our campuses a battleground, our streets rife with crime and drug addiction. Five years ago there was no national program to preserve the environment, and five years ago American agriculture was practically a depressed industry. But now? The President asked his countrymen to contemplate peace, stability, good order, and expanding trade: "Our air is getting cleaner, our water is getting purer, and our agriculture, which was depressed, is prospering." Overall, said the President, "Americans are living more abundantly than ever before."

Mr. Nixon's appraisal was fairly within the rules. It contained puffery, but it contained truth as well. Some of the improvements in air and water quality, in law enforcement, and in public tranquility have not necessarily come about "because of the initiatives undertaken by this Administration." Many other factors have played a large part. Neither is it perfectly clear that the detente with Russia is all Mr. Nixon cracks it up to be, nor is the President's rosy view of the economy universally shared. He was the first President to achieve in one year an inflation rate of 8.8 per cent. A great many people are discovering, every day, that their earnings don't buy nearly as much meat, gasoline, and pleasure as their earnings bought 12 months ago.

The selective indices cited by the President are useful, and as far as they go, they provide a defensible judgment

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on the state of the Union. But a more sensitive reading involves something beyond the empirical evidence provided by the Uniform Crime Reports and the Bureau of Labor Statistics. What is the spirit of the people? How does it go with their hopes and dreams?

My own guess, for whatever it may be worth, is that the state of the Union is far better than the state of the Presidency. The two are bound together, of course, by a thousand visible and invisible threads of presidential power. The policies that are set by a President in price controls, wage controls, environmental regulations, school desegregation, law enforcement, tariff adjustment, and the impoundment or release of appropriated funds—all these affect the state of the Union. A President's leadership, or lack of leadership, has a measurable impact upon the decisions of industry and agriculture: how much to invest? how much to plant? And these decisions, rippling out, ultimately involve the wellbeing of every household.

The Sun Still Shines

Yet too much can be read into the interconnection between the state of the Union and the state of the Presidency. It is nonsense to suppose that the fate of the American Republic depends upon the fate of Richard Nixon. It is equally absurd to suggest that as Nixon goes, so goes the Republican Party. Conservatives should especially reject the silly notion that their own future is tied to his. It seems to me exceedingly unlikely, at this writing, that a majority of the House will vote to impeach; and it seems to me wildly improbable that two-thirds of the Senate could be mustered to vote the President out of office. But if this should come to pass, Gerald Ford would assume the Presidency within the hour, the sun would come up in the morning, and the ladies' sodality would meet in the evening. In two weeks, Nixon would have vanished from the front pages as totally as the last astronauts, and the nation would be absorbed in the World Series or the football playoffs. After a few months we would be wondering what ever became of the guy. Writing a book, one hears.

During the first six weeks of this year, I traveled some 10,000 miles through heartland America, the Deep South and the upper Midwest; I spent the time listening, asking questions, reading the local papers. I found not the slightest evidence of any serious national illness. People are concerned—of course they are concerned—about fuel shortages and inflation, but the people are nowhere near panic. Life goes on, and it goes on, for the most part, contentedly. For every prophet of doom, predicting social convulsion, one encounters a hundred men and women with an optimistic outlook. True, they are disenchanted with many American institutions; they are angry at the press; they groan at high prices—but they are proud of their country and they are convinced that things will be better. Meanwhile, in the everyday business of living, loving, working, and playing, they reveal the old strengths of a free people. The "can do" spirit is still there.

The state of the Presidency is a different matter. Mr. Nixon is in trouble with the people: not even 30 per cent of them approve of his conduct of the office. He is in trouble with Congress: last year he won barely half of the congressional votes on which he had taken a position, fewer than any President had won in the 20 years since *Congressional Quarterly* began compiling a boxscore on presidential support. He is in trouble with his party: senior Republicans are retiring in droves, party affiliation is estimated nationally at only 24 per cent of the voters, and the prospects for Republican losses in November are dismal.

Most seriously, the President is in trouble with himself. Five years ago, following his election, conservatives were asking of Mr. Nixon, "is he one of us?" I never had the slightest notion that he was "one of us." The President has certain conservative instincts. These have been manifested consistently in his nominations to the Supreme Court; they have been manifested generally in his decisions on national defense; and they have been manifested uncertainly in his vacillations on price and wage control. But the President's first instincts are not toward conservatism; his first instincts are toward survival. One has only to compare the tone and content of the budget he submitted in January 1973 with the tone and content of the budget he submitted in January 1974. The two documents seem to have been written by different men. We have moved in ghostly procession from the visage of Adam Smith to the livelier shade of John Maynard Keynes. One more deficit is in prospect, running to at least $10 billion; and considering the President's avowed determination not to be blamed for a recession, by whatever cutesy-pie definition his advisers may contrive, the deficit could run to twice that figure.

Underwhelming

Mr. Nixon flounders. His essentially private nature remains constantly at war with his public life. Reserved, indrawn, increasingly isolated, he tends to resist the open disclosure and the public leadership that might yet salvage his second term. Getting information from the White House is like pulling impacted teeth. Facts come out bit by bit. How many versions did we have on the property purchases? How many different figures were given us on the tax funds expended at San Clemente? How many statements on Watergate became, at a stroke, "inoperative"? What was the purpose of the prolonged struggle over the presidential tapes? What is gained by an Operation Candor that reverts, in a matter of days, to Operation Reticence? We drift. Now Secretary Kissinger seems to have the wheel, and now Czar William Simon is on deck, but the captain sits brooding in his quarters. The ship is not sinking, but the Presidency goes nowhere.

The State of the Union address, with its Watergate coda, may have helped the President's cause, but I doubt that it helped it much. He spoke for 42 minutes, which was within the rules; he said all the right and traditional things; he followed respectable precedent in puffing up the good and playing down the bad; and coming from anyone else, this opening night performance would have launched a congressional session on a pleasant run. Coming from Mr. Nixon, at this point in time, it underwhelmed. □

Supreme Blunder

Kohoutek's star was heaven sent,
Like tapings from our President.
It promised ordinary man
A view of how it All began.
But when the comet came in sight
Its brightness shed such little light
That, yes (we might as well have
faced it),
Nixon probably erased it.

HOWARD H. FENN

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AT THE MAYFLOWER

What Conservatives Are Telling Each Other

DANIEL OLIVER

DURING THE LAST weekend in January several hundred conservatives assembled at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C. under the auspices of the American Conservative Union and Young Americans for Freedom. The purpose was not exactly R&R: there is nothing particularly restful about attending meetings from breakfast through dinner and then going on to midnight discussions; nor was it for the rehabilitation of those who attended—although it is perfectly clear that there are a number of erstwhile conservatives who need rehabilitating. One of ACU Chairman M. Stanton Evans' Laws of Politics is: "When our people get to the point where they can do us some good, they stop being our people." One reason they stop is that they don't get the requisite support or pressure to keep them in the path of righteousness. And one reason for that is that conservatives don't get around to meeting often enough to organize their pressure and support. The 1974 Conservative Political Action Conference was designed to remedy that failure.

The people came from, roughly, everywhere. Parents with children; young people not yet actively engaged in elective politics; slightly older people, slightly involved; practicing local politicians and aspirants; candidates for governor and senator from Alaska; businessmen with a little spare time; retired people; two governors, several senators, representatives, Capitol Hill staff members, and journalists. They wore name tags, at least at the first reception on Thursday night, from which it was possible to determine that they came from too many states to keep track of easily—California, Texas, Utah, Maine, Missouri—from, certainly, all parts of the country. All kinds of clothes (well, nothing outlandish), all lengths of hair (well, nothing outlandish)—a cross section, as far as one could tell, even if it would not have met the Warren Court's strictures for democratic representation.

The Conference was open to the public, which is risky. In two days of meetings with questions from the floor there wasn't a single kook in evidence, a fact that testifies to the respectability of the conservative movement (not, really, that that respectability is seriously disputed any more). Still, every group has its fringe, and every fringist has to be somewhere (Newton): the point is that no fringist was visible at the Conference. No people who made your hair curl; no one you felt embarrassed for; no one, in short, whom a conservative would have been afraid to have the liberal media interview. Where is the nightriding of the Right? Gone with *les neiges d'antan*. James Buckley would say Friday night, "We have achieved respectability." Respectability, yes. But responsibility? Representative John Ashbrook, echoing Evans' Law of Politics, made the point that conservative leaders simply have not met their responsibility.

THE FIRST formal session of the Conference was a breakfast on Friday at which Senator Carl Curtis (R., Neb.) spoke about the practical problems of organizing a campaign. For the rest of the day two panels on different subjects were held at the same time, giving those attending the Conference a choice between an issue-oriented discussion—the Conservative Community in Washington, the Bureaucracy, Budget Control, the Women's Movement and Equal Rights . . . and a discussion of campaign techniques—the Role of the Party, Campaign Management, Issue Development, Polling and Direct Mail . . . The same format was followed on Saturday, with the exception of the first session, Strategy for '74 with Stan Evans, columnist Kevin Phillips, and former White House aide Jeff Bell, which had no competition.

Most of the speakers were good; some were excellent. Representative Robert Bauman, a fluent, lively speaker, pointed out that some conservatives in the Washington community are teaching Americans that government is not the panacea for, but the cause of, much of our trouble. Howard Phillips, former Acting Director of the OEO, who was introduced by YAF Chairman Ron Docksai as the man who "introduced Martin Agronski to despair," forcefully protested the policy-making power that career civil servants—bureaucrats—have achieved simply because it is so hard to promote, demote, reward, punish, or bring them to account.

Panel: Budget Control, 11:00 A.M. Two bills are discussed, HR 7130 and S 1541. They are designed to bring a semblance of fiscal sanity to the Federal Government—create a mini-OMB, change the fiscal year, provide that Congress cannot adjourn in the fall until the budget is completed, and force a correlation between spending and appropriating, and (or?) make visible the choice between inflation and taxes. Representative John Conlan (R., Ariz.) says: "The centralization of economic power in the hands of government is the greatest danger this country faces." It is great to hear.

The contrast in tone between the various panel members and the newscasters and politicians was striking. On the Wednesday night before the Conference began, the news was that oil profits for third quarter '73 were higher. Higher than what? Than that which Brand X also is greater than? Higher than last year's, of course. But we have to know something about last year's profits in order for the startling statistic about this year's profits to have any meaning. Quod non licet Brand X licet CBS? There were alsc film clips of a very demagogic Senator Jackson browbeating some oil executives in Weickeresque fashion. Now Mr. Senior Vice President, do you mean to tell me that you don't remember how much Exxon paid in dividends last year? Yup. "That's a childish response to tell us that it's public information," replied the Senator. Jackson sped to the nearest phone booth, rang up Merrill Lynch, and got, incredibly, yet a third person in America whose store of general active knowledge didn't include Exxon's 1973 dividend. The timing couldn't

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have been worse for Jackson. Some conservatives these days are not altogether unfriendly to him. Why didn't Senator Jackson know the answer himself? For the same reason perhaps that he didn't know that a $10,000 contribution from Gulf Oil to his last campaign had come from corporate funds.

On Thursday, before the ACU-YAF Conference began, the Robert M. Schuchman Memorial Foundation held a conference on "Government Responses to the Energy Crisis." In the morning, Professors Armen Alchian, John Gould, and Paul MacAvoy discussed short term solutions; in the afternoon, Professors Morris Adelman, Milton Friedman, and William Nordhaus, long term solutions. At lunch, Senators Buckley and Proxmire—separated by Moderator Milton Friedman, but not as far apart as some expected—gave their views: Proxmire took a half step toward government deregulation; Buckley, a whole step, expressing the consensus of the day: let the price mechanism function; get the government out of the crisis. Senator Jackson could have learned something.

Discussion of Watergate was inevitable, of course. Even so, it did not dominate. It was suggested from the floor at one point that a vote be taken concerning what course of action to pursue vis-a-vis the President. The suggestion was wisely quashed: the people had not come to the Conference to vote. But the consensus was, I believe, a) that sufficient evidence had not yet been marshaled to justify impeachment and conviction; and b) that resignation might be a solution. Which is to say that there was no unanimity, except that President Nixon was simply not acceptable to a majority of the conservatives gathered at the Mayflower Hotel.

Representative John Ashbrook was welcomed by a standing ovation. The delegates remembered the lonely battle he had waged against Nixon's nomination in the 1972 primaries. Ashbrook maintained that the Nixon Administration was perceived as a conservative Administration, even though it is not. He stressed, as did other panelists, the differences between Nixon and conservatives and cited the failure of the conservative leaders to oppose Nixon on such issues as price controls, guaranteed income, inflation, defense. "Where were our conservative leaders?" he asked. Where indeed? Should an attempt be made to save Nixon? "When faith is lost, when honor dies, the man is dead," Ashbrook replied, quoting Whittier. Ashbrook favors Nixon's resignation.

Editor Stan Evans (*Indianapolis News*) doesn't agree. He sees no great improvement, if any, in conservative fortunes from resignation. He doubts Vice President Ford's conservatism, and is reluctant to turn over the Republican Party to him for two terms. Conservatives can survive Nixon and perhaps even flourish, as they did following the defeat of Goldwater in '64. It's a legitimate concern. But if the resurgence of conservative leadership called for by Ashbrook would have no effect on Ford, what makes Evans think it would have an effect on anyone? It is far from certain that conservatives will put "their man" in the White House in 1976. If you postulate that conservatives are doomed to be forever without effect, the Conference becomes irrelevant. And a lot else. There was no vote on the issue; there was no resolution. There may not be one.

The principal speakers were Governor Reagan, on Friday night, and Senator Buckley, on Saturday night. Governor Reagan gave a speech; Senator Buckley spoke to the assembled conservatives: there was a world of difference between them.

Reagan's speech was a selection of neatly packaged film clips, well-spliced (no gaps or hums) and delivered to the 700 people at dinner with the competence expected of a professional. Four jokes—I'd heard three of them—and he was off. A rousing, lively speech, but not deep. A reflection on our heritage, dramatically, very dramatically told. But nothing special for that audience. "A decade has passed since Barry Goldwater walked a lonely path across this land . . ." Senator Buckley would mention Barry Goldwater the following night and say that "the conscience of conservatism has become the conscience of America." Reagan continued. "Under McKinley we freed Cuba. . . . Celebrating soon only our second century"—and on to the Declaration of Independence—". . . 56 rank and file ordinary citizens had founded a nation that grew from sea to shining sea. Five million farms, quiet villages, cities that never sleep, all done without an area redevelopment plan or urban renewal or a rural legal assistance program." And more, lots of it, all good, and funny; all without a text, I'm told. And finally, "We are today the last best hope of man on earth. Thank you." The crowd loved it. But there were skeptics, especially by the next morning, perhaps when they tried to remember what it was he had really said; what positions he had taken, how he had demonstrated the quality of leadership, the lack of which John Ashbrook had so lamented. A prominent conservative suggested in the Governor's defense that it might have been the wrong audience. Just so. As a performer, Governor Reagan is unquestionably excellent. He piped a great tune. But it didn't say "follow me," at least not to the politically sophisticated audience he was addressing.

Senator Buckley, on the other hand, spoke to the conservatives in personal terms. "We" have achieved respectability. "Our" task is to make conservatism fruitful. "We" cannot allow ourselves to falter in our work. A new speech, just for them. Not a piece of last month's speech to the Chamber of Commerce (NYC), the Boys Club (Dayton), the Bankers (San Francisco) with an appropriate ending and what was that joke about the airplane? Buckley's delivery is not really polished, certainly not burnished—how do you

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If you can never be certain that what Jones says is false, then how can you ever be certain that what you say is true, if Jones says it is false?

Mill and Marx

COLM BROGAN

I THINK it may fairly be said that the two nineteenth century documents which polarize the opposing philosophies of Marxism and liberalism are *The Communist Manifesto* and John Stuart Mill's essay *On Liberty*. The most famous sentence in Mill is a total rejection of all dictatorship, whether of the proletariat or of any other group: "If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contradictory opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."

This declaration is stirring and beautifully simple, but its justification is not quite as simple. Mill believed that to silence a man's unpopular views was always a wrong to the man. That certainly is simple enough. But it was also a wrong to mankind. Mill adds that we can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavoring to stifle is a false opinion. How many liberals have flaunted their "scintilla of doubt" and nursed their slight twinge of uncertainty, to the undoing of their own cause? Kerensky is a tragic illustration of the fact that "no man can govern in the name of doubt." Salazar said that. He did not die in exile.

It takes no expert logician to discover that if we can never be entirely sure that any opinion is false, neither can we be entirely sure that any opinion is true, not even Mill's own ringing fundamental principle; but the stout liberal is certain of nothing except his uncertainty. However, Mill did not maintain his salutary doubt for as long as it took him to finish his essay.

Marx and Mill were men of their time. Although Marx had a very harsh way with dissenters and foretold the dictatorship of the proletariat, his ultimate vision was of a human condition totally free of restriction and authority. His interpretation of history was hugely influenced by the advancing industrialism of the Western world. The lessons he drew from that world he applied everywhere, claiming that property relations were the fundamental factor at all times and in all civilizations. Mill, who had a considerable though second-hand knowledge of India, saw the explanation of things in other than purely economic causes.

Both men were utopian, having a poor view of mankind in its present state, but immeasurable hopes for its future development. The devout Marxist still believes that such intellectual giants as Aristotle, Goethe, and Marx himself will be commonplace once the Red Dawn has merged into high noon, and that the giants of that glorious time will be as far above the giants of the past as these are above the stunted average of alienated mankind.

This faith in human progress to heights undreamt of is typically Victorian in both time and place. It was held by the illuminati of Western Europe and its overseas extension in North America, where material progress was undeniable, but it was believed not at all in the East and in most of Africa, where progress was neither seen nor wanted. But more than vast material advances supported the general belief in progress; that belief was a secularized version of Christian hope, and it was held by many who were not Marxist, and very doubtfully liberal.

Marx placed his faith in the inevitable working of the "dialectic," which would end the exploitation of property relationships and make all things well. Marxism has been called Scientific Socialism, and no system has ever been so wrongly named. The inductive method is the scientific method. Marx was as deductive as any schoolman. He compared himself to Darwin, but his method was exactly opposite to Darwin's: Darwin collected an immense amount of information before he formed a theory. And although he became convinced of evolution by natural selection, observation also convinced him that the process could come to a halt if all circumstances were favorable to a static condition: an insight he gained in the Galápagos Islands (and

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one that, as we shall see, put him closer to Mill than to Marx). But Marx started with the Hegelian triad, a purely philosophic conception, and applied it everywhere, even to the manufacture of shirts. Although Marx in time modified many of his views, his adherence to the dialectic was never shaken.

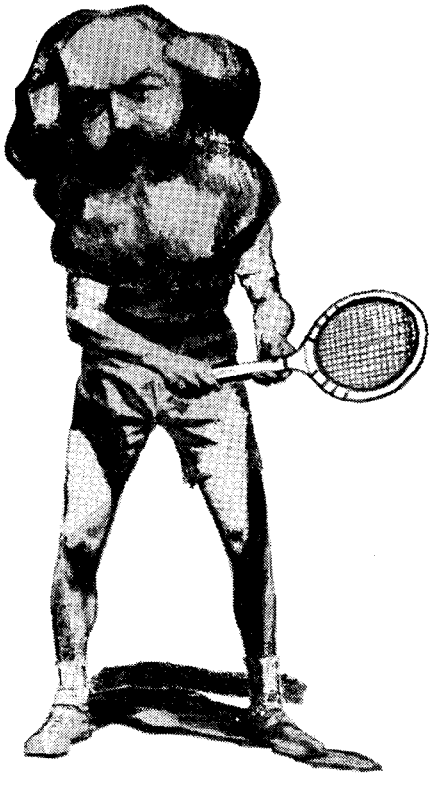
His insistence on arguing from fixed generalities led him into absurdities that must have embarrassed Engels, who had practical knowledge of business and trade. Marx usually made a great parade of knowledge to support his dogmatic assertions, employing masses of evidence to pound the obvious with a persistence worthy of a Scotsman; but for some of his most disputable assertions he summoned evidence so slender as to be almost comic. He could say, for example, that any five farm workers picked at random would do as much work as any other five, also picked at random; and to support this remarkable statement he cites only one authority—Edmund Burke. Again, in his persistent undervaluing of transport, which hardly fitted into the Hegelian triad, he said that a railway served a purpose for only so many versts on either side of the line; he said "versts," for he relied on the testimony of a single Russian. This from a man who was living in the country that, at that time, had the only developed railway system in the world.

Two Roads to Utopia

There are none of these weak passages in Mill, nor any such absurdities as Marx on the price of cotton, but it must be said again that the *Manifesto* is propaganda, not argument. It gives no weight to any opposing view, and makes no mention of the elements in Communism that would be unpalatable to the people to whom it was addressed. Mill was well-mannered, while Marx was a truculent boor. Nevertheless, the resemblances between the thinking of the two men are considerable. Mill also believed in progress by triad, though not in the determinism of Marx.

Mill's triad was the friction between order-and-stability and progress-and-reform on any great issue, resulting in ultimate agreement that is so self-evidently right and that so clearly contains what is valuable in both the formerly opposing views that it becomes incontestable. "As mankind improves, the number of doctrines which are no longer disputed or doubted will be constantly on the increase, and the well-being of mankind may almost be measured by the number and gravity of the truths which have reached the point of being uncontested." Utopia was to come one piece at a time, though Mill never pretended that progress was inevitable. A society might sink, as China did, into a secular somnolence. He was particularly worried about the United States, which he feared would go the way of China if it did not develop an intelligent opposition as antithesis to the prevailing and stultifying conformity (or thesis). The development of a strong but unintelligent opposition did not occur to him.

Marx's utopia was not to come bit by bit and mostly by peaceful methods, but within a fairly short measure of time and quite inevitably after the final catastrophe of capitalism. Not the least of the virtues of the bourgeois was his pertinacity in bringing about his own doom. Marx saw the bourgeois as Hegel saw Napoleon, as the agent of forces which he did not comprehend. The forces were those of economic determinism, which would bring freedom and the possibility of full human development after a period of bloodshed and stern dictatorship. He believed this to be as scientifically certain as the fact that the ice on the St. Lawrence will melt any spring: there is doubt about the precise date of the melting, but none whatever that it will happen. When capitalism finally falls by the will of the overwhelming majority, exploitation will cease, for it is impossible for people to exploit themselves.



Mill was not capable of such foolishness as that, nor did he have Marx's Tappertit drive for blood. But his own social prescription was not much better. His faith in Reason was total: Reason operated by the best and most disinterested intellects would work for the good as infallibly as Adam Smith's Invisible Hand (though Smith believed that the Hand needed some controlling).

Potholes on the Way

Both thinkers had to face an awkward patch when their dreams were fully realized. According to Marx, capitalism would fall when its inner contradictions brought about its collapse; but that state would be reached only when the increasing misery of the proletariat had stunted it mentally as well as physically. Such a proletariat might conceivably bring down an already tottering order, but it could hardly be of the quality to erect something different and better in its place. Marx met this difficulty partially by predicting that before the final collapse, a section of the bourgeoisie would desert and throw in its lot with the workers. They might, it is true, provide leadership and discipline to a *jacquerie*, but that after all is hardly Marx's dictatorship of the proletariat. He also believed that in the final intense struggles of national bourgeoisies fighting one another, each would be forced to arm its own workers, to its own doom. But rankers who become commanders are seldom infused with an idealistic purpose. To this difficulty, Marx would no doubt reply that historic destiny would make the workers act in the right way without their understanding why; he believed that economic determinism would produce the proletarian hero who fulfilled his creative purpose while he thought he was doing something quite different.

Though less dogmatic and deterministic than Marx, Mill is hardly more convincing. He hoped that Reason would gradually bring enlightenment to mankind and produce, in the end, a far superior race. But he admitted that, so far, only a few governed their lives and thoughts by disinterested reason; and even here he flattered the few,

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including, it may be plausibly argued, himself. He argued against the transfer of power from the East India Company to the British government, and against giving an automatic status or privilege to a university graduate. But could he be sure that his opposition to the first was not at all influenced by the exceedingly comfortable and leisured life the Company had provided for him? Or that his opposition to the second was not influenced by his never having attended a university? The mind has its reasons the mind knows nothing of. And though Mill knew that his father's grim educational program had stunted him emotionally, he seems not to have realized that it had also stunted him intellectually. His works on Utilitarianism and Bentham are pieces of wriggling imposed by his awe of his father.

As Marx believed that the capitalist thesis would be ready for destruction when it had gone far in destroying itself, Mill believed that the achievements of Reason might lose all their nourishing and stimulating force if they came to be accepted without thought. (In this he differed radically from Burke.) He saw China, with its enlightened system ossified by custom, as the Galápagos of the mind. To avoid the stupefying effect of unthinkingly accepted custom, Mill hoped that the leaders of the rationally ordered future would encourage the production of such argument as could be scraped together against the validity of established and unquestioned truth: a strikingly feeble suggestion, much like the devil's advocate scraping up arguments against a man who has already been canonized. Among the truths Mill took to be already established beyond question was the duty of every parent to see that his children were properly schooled. He said that the children should be tested every year, and that if a child failed to reach a required standard, his parent should be fined or, if he could not pay, sentenced to a period of forced labor: surely an odd proposal to come in an essay on liberty.

Elitists Both

Mill's confidence in progress went even further. In "On Liberty" he said he knew no reason why any society should feel entitled to impose civilization on another; but in *Representative Government* he said that if a society was so sunk in custom that it was incapable of self-government, then that society might justifiably be enslaved. Slavery to teach men to be free is a proposal worthy of *Animal Farm*.

Marx's difficulty was different. What would happen when the final synthesis was triumphant? If the dialectic was the principle of human existence, how could it possibly come to a permanent stop? Marx refused to discuss the future that would follow the last cataclysm; which was sensible, but left a very awkward question unanswered.

Both men were elitists. Indeed, Mill's elitism was triple-distilled. He thought that liberty could be enjoyed fully only by the civilized nations, a minority of mankind: that the uninformed mass of the civilized should and always would follow the lead of their superiors in intellect and knowledge: and that the elite should take their lead from the "Few" or even the "One" who could be recognized as eminent above all others.

Marx's elitism raised its own special problems. Although he talked of the dictatorship of the proletariat, it was quite clear that the dictating proletariat itself would have to be dictated to for quite a long time. There was a further point to be explained. According to his teaching, morality and philosophy were as much the product of property relations as the political system; he said, for instance, that the mighty mind of Aristotle came near to discovering the true nature of value, but was stopped short by the fact of slavery, on which his civilization rested. How, then, did he whose philosophy was a product of the capitalist property relations come to see that capitalism must destroy itself? Apparently there were a few who could rise above the existing situation, though Aristotle didn't quite manage it. An elitism like this, which puts Aristotle in the second division, is elitism indeed.

Lenin, whose practical cunning was not at all bemused by abstract paradoxes, made this elitism the basis of his own twofold contribution to Communism's advance to power. First, he made the Party leadership itself an elite that must not be challenged: dissent became factionalism, which was to be fought with every weapon, fair or foul. Second, he introduced the idea of the revolutionary situation. To him the course of history was not like the melting of the St. Lawrence: it could begin to melt, then freeze again, and this might be repeated indefinitely. The revolutionary moment came when a number of unrelated outrages occurred at the same time and the enraged masses could be led toward an end they did not foresee or want. Economic hardship and national humiliation, combined perhaps with local grievances in some places and irredentism in others, might for a short time create a revolutionary situation; but the opportunity must be seized or it would pass. Lenin knew that the majestic inevitability of the historic process needed a helpful shove at the right time. Lenin was even more ruthless than Marx—and far more practical.

Mill Had No Lenin

There was no one to do for Mill what Lenin did for Marx: naturally enough, for the liberal has no belief in the inevitable. Mill thought it possible that the United States and Britain would sink into the torpor of Cathay, and that any civilized society that had lost its energy and will might be conquered by barbarism. No doubt this is true and pertinent. Still, Mill's reasoning was occasionally suspect. He said, for instance, that a man who wanted to commit suicide should not be restrained by force. Other liberal thinkers (Bosanquet for one) would have dissented on philosophic grounds, and there are practical reasons for disagreement. Would Mill not have attempted to save the poet Sylvia Plath from death by gas oven? Is it not plausible, anyway, that she may have wanted to be saved from herself? Yet Mill himself believed that a man should be restrained from voluntarily accepting the status of a slave, explaining that such a man would be, absurdly, exercising free will to extinguish his right to exercise free will. It is odd that Mill failed to see that this same line of thought could be applied to the man who wants to kill himself.

But these blindnesses are minor beside Mill's utter faith in reason. Though he saw that the reasoning faculty might ossify, he failed to see that reason might destroy itself. He foresaw the possible return of the barbarian, but not the birth of an intellectual cult of unreason. We have seen men who think with the blood, find their identity in the "Folk," or their stay and comfort in a narcissistic stoicism called existentialism. One wonders what Mill would have thought of a theological atheist like Sartre, who was at least half serious when he called Genet a saint. □

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ENERGY

Our Orphaned Superships

ROGER WARD

THAT LEGENDARY character who built his boat too big to get out of the basement is in good company. You taxpayers are subsidizing the construction of six tankers that, fully loaded, cannot enter any U.S. Atlantic or Gulf port. Under the Merchant Marine Act of 1970 the U.S. Government pays $164 million (43 per cent) of their cost, thus making our shipyards competitive with Japanese or other foreign builders. The largest of these, a 265,000 deadweight ton (DWT) ship, is still undersized by today's yardstick. 1966 saw the first 400 foreign tankers in the 250,000 to 300,000 ton class. The queen of them all, the *Globtik Tokyo*, boasts 477,000 DWT. Unfortunately we never reap their benefits because our ports are inadequate.

Every time we buy a gallon of gas or a tankful of fuel oil we pay the penalty. In comparison with a 35,000 ton tanker, the largest our Delaware River ports can handle, the *Globtik* saves $1.3 million in transportation cost on every trip from the Persian Gulf to Japan. The reasons for this economy are basic. The *Globtik*'s construction cost, per barrel capacity, was one-half that of her little 35,000 ton sister. Depreciation and interest charges per barrel are therefore halved. Since the supertanker's crew complement and turnaround time are the same as for the smaller ships, the transport labor per barrel is only one-twelfth that of the 35,000 ton ship.

Superports Needed

Why, then, if the Very Large Crude Carrier (VLCC) cuts delivered cost by 50 cents per barrel, is the United States the only major nation without a single port able to take advantage of these savings? The quick answer is that the New York, Delaware, Baltimore, and Hampton Roads channels cannot be dredged to the 100 foot depth required by the VLCC. To do so would sever a number of under-bay tunnels, involve blasting out 45 feet of underwater ledge, threaten the aquifers from which some cities draw their drinking water, and alienate the Chesapeake oysters. A more studied answer involves a little soul searching and intangibles as unyielding as the bedrock of the continental shelf.

For the rest of the century our living standard will depend on unprecedented oil imports: e.g., 300 million tons a year in 1980. Thirty five million tons of that oil will be funneled into the Delaware River and New Jersey refineries. To handle this without VLCCs will require over a hundred additional tankers, costing $2 billion. If we hire foreign bottoms for the job, we will add a $400 million annual freight bill to our balance-of-payments problem. Dollars cannot measure the resultant havoc when these ships descend on the two already troubled waterways, the Delaware and the New York-New Jersey ship channels. The probability of oil pollution from grounded ships, collisions, and mishandling is enough to drive the entire Sierra Club up the wall. In contrast, ten supertankers using an appropriate port could do the job of the hundred smaller ships, decimating the risk of incidents. Instead of $2 billion they would cost only $900 million.

Without a deep-draft port, the prognosis with respect to iron ore supplies is a rerun of the oil crisis. We have exhausted the mountains of ore in Minnesota's Mesabi Range and now import 27 million tons a year from Canada and Venezuela. Eighty per cent of this ore enters through Baltimore and Philadelphia, confined by the 45 foot channel to smaller vessels. Our foreign competition takes advantage of the new, cheaper, high-grade ores from Australia and Liberia by using economical 250,000 ton ships for the long haul. This is one reason they undersell us in the world markets. Our total steel production has declined 6.5 per cent a year since 1969, while our steel imports have increased 25 per cent per year. To meet this competition, our steel industry proposes to import ten million tons of ore from Liberia and five million from Australia by 1980. Without a deepwater port here for large ore carriers these aspirations will be an impossible dream. As a result there will be fewer markets for our steel, more banked fires in the furnaces, longer lines in the employment offices, and a bear market in Big and Little Steel common.

Coal has long been an unsung star on our export team. Thanks to mechanized mining techniques and good coking qualities, our annual shipments from Norfolk to overseas smelters total $1 billion a year. However, new sources of competitive coal have opened up in Australia, Canada, and South Africa, and again the specter of superships rises to plague us. These new coal countries have built ports for 200,000 to 300,000 ton carriers and our erstwhile customers, Europe and Japan, have provided unloading facilities to match. Their enterprise threatens our grip on this billion dollar bonanza. Because the tunnel under Hampton Roads restricts the channel depth, Norfolk cannot accommodate vessels over 80,000 DWT, and again the indicated solution is a deepwater port.

Minimizing Pollution

Ten years ago the Corps of Engineers reported the trend toward huge cargo ships. Since then objective studies by the best scientific and technological experts have confirmed the need for deep-draft facilities, which, properly designed and located, would entail little ecological risk, as the 15 successfully operating foreign superports demonstrate. The Maritime Administration in 1972 commissioned studies which concluded that the best site for the most urgently needed U.S. deep port would be near the mouth of the Delaware Bay between Cape May and Cape Henlopen.

The advantages of this location are most impressive. It provides optimum access to the three industries whose needs are imperative: petroleum, coal, and steel. It is within pipeline reach of the Atlantic Coast refineries, partly via the now unused Pennsylvania-Reading Railroad right-of-way, and would reduce tanker traffic on the New York-New Jersey waterways and the Delaware. It would satisfy the ore import

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Belfast, Dublin, London

My trip to Ireland in December began with a stern looking young man at Glasgow airport asking me why I was going to Belfast. A passport with visas from five continents is suspect—the terror is global now. I tell him I want to visit friends. This is true, although my best friend, a priest named John Niel Fitzpatrick, is dead. He was killed by a British bullet while administering the last rites to a dying boy who had been shot on the street. An enviable death for a priest. The Anglican bishop came to the funeral.

The Belfast airport is far from the city, almost on Lough Neagh, and during the long drive I questioned my friends. Is there any hope for Northern Ireland? Yes and no, they answered. They are priests, who don't care for murder and manslaughter, and they are convinced that an all-Irish council will be an important step toward reconciliation. But both sections of the IRA are against it, as are the Protestant extremists led by William Craig and Pastor Ian Paisley.

Belfast as Dresden

At last we have reached Belfast. In 1970 it had looked like a German city in 1941; now it is more like 1942. Entire blocks have been destroyed, rows of houses have been pillaged and made uninhabitable. There are more barbed wire barriers and sandbags, more sheet iron barricades surrounding the police stations. Armored cars full of soldiers, their submachine guns at the ready, ceaselessly patrol the streets. The drone of low flying helicopters never stops. Everything here seems calculated to frighten and intimidate.

What is it all about? Both sides urgently proclaim that it is not a religious war. This is true up to a point: they are not fighting about transubstantiation or the Immaculate Conception.

But in another sense denominational differences are indeed important. Pat Kelly is poor. He is poor because he has no job, and he has no job because no industrial development has been permitted in his almost purely Catholic home region. In Northern Ireland 36 per cent of the population is Catholic. The overall unemployment rate is around 6 per cent; for Catholics, around 30 per cent. Three years ago predominantly Catholic Londonderry (where suffrage was based on property) had a civic administration 90 per cent of whose employees were Protestants. This has now changed, but Northern Ireland's second university was established not in Londonderry but in out-of-the-way, non-Catholic Coleraine. In Catholic Newry—where the firm of Grundig is now about to build a plant—it had for years been impossible to find work. (By whom and for what reason might the manager of this German firm have been kidnapped?)

Who are the Ulster Catholics? Doubtless they are indigenous Irish, even though in the extreme northeast they speak with the brogue of the Scots who were settled here (in the south and the west of the Six Counties the Irish brogue prevails, as it does in the three "redeemed" counties, the ones that belong to the Republic of Ireland). The Protestants are mostly the descendants of the seventeenth and eighteenth century British settlers. In their eyes the Catholics are culturally backward, superstitious idol worshipers subject to a foreign potentate. Historically they are the Jacobite arch-enemies who sided with the Stuarts; politically they are simply separatist traitors. Thus did the *pieds noirs* in Algeria regard *les sales Arabes*. But with all this—just as in the case of the *pieds noirs*—the Protestants, at the bottom of their souls, feel a great insecurity. They are afraid that one fine day London may abandon them. It was the same fear which in 1914, when Home Rule had almost become a reality, led to an appeal for armed assistance to the German Kaiser, the "patron of world Protestantism."

Guerrilla Days

On the Catholic side, the IRA Provisionals are the most active terrorists. They circumvent the Church's commandment to respect all human life with the excuse of the primacy of individual conscience. But their acts of terror are, at least, almost always preceded by warning telephone calls. Their warfare is leveled at the *economy* of the Establishment. The Ulster Defense Association, on the other hand, fights against people and strikes without warning. The nastiest part of the war is its attacks on Catholic churches, often carried out during Mass.

For the unionists (not all Protestants are unionists), the prospect of Ireland's becoming a single nation is a nightmare. If it were realized, some of them would pack their belongings, burn down whatever they could not take with them, and emigrate—just like the *pieds noirs*. They deserve sympathy: it is not their fault that their ancestors came over with Cromwell. But all they really have to fear from a unified Ireland is the loss of their status as the ruling class. The Presbyterian and Church of Ireland minorities in the Republic are doing very well indeed. They form an affluent, highly respected upper layer of landowners, businessmen, intellectuals, artists. Ireland's first college (Trinity), the foremost daily paper (the *Irish Times*), the oldest and most beautiful pre-Reformation cathedrals are in their hands. Even the President of the Republic, Erskine Childers, is of English descent and is the second Protestant head of state in Ireland. The English immigrate in large numbers and take out Irish citizenship because life is more peaceful there, taxes are lower, and crime is less prevalent. Yet all these arguments do not convince the unionists. "Once reunion has taken place, we shall witness a terrible persecution of Protestants in the North and the South," they claim.

The hopes for a peaceful solution of the Irish question are not entirely unfounded, but they are very tenuous. If only the new Northern Irish government would begin to reform the administrative system . . . If only Dublin would refrain from making impossible demands . . . If only London would act wisely . . .

If only Christians were always good Christians. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Berrigan Agonistes

It's a bomb. Father Dan must know that. He has put two and two together by now. Anyway, with just that small arithmetic he could count the house. Friday afternoon at Bronx Community College, a class B farm club in the city educational system. The overlarge auditorium is maybe 15 per cent full; a 5 A.M. Mass draws better. And everyone has received two neat, persuasive mimeographed sheets at the door: BERRIGAN AN ANTISEMITE. It doesn't seem, well . . . propitious. Priests used to get tithes; now lecture agents do. But the clown from Creative Artists Public Service who arranged this dog probably booked Christians into the Colosseum. Read the poems, grab your white envelope, and exit pursued by a Jew. Lord, can any good come out of the Bronx?

He's got an odd build. Slim in the thigh, yet unwieldy, barrel-sized at pap level. He walks to the lectern, coccyx outthrust, as if still jammed in a chair. Blue shirt and blue jeans; his frayed cuffs cost extra at the mod shop. And a bolo tie. On the slide, near his Adam's apple, some predatory bird in outline, wings spread. From Row D it could pass for a feathery crucifix. Father Dan's skin appears mascaraed: orange, with third degree wrinkles, unhealthy. Plus the Vandyke beard, a second-string Shakespearean villain, Oliver or Don John. But the teeth are nice, amiable and rabbity, his best feature. The sort of things you might dice cabbage with. They work a busy cud inside his lower lip. The hair is neat and flat as a yarmulke: crew-cut for the Seventies. And don't tell me the Almighty hasn't His sense of humor. There's an embryonic bald spot, tonsure-shaped, on top. His scalp refinding its vocation.

The voice is frail, shy; but his diction sounds prissy. Po-em formed at the business end of a *moue*. Father Dan speaks to the audience as I speak to kittens: just on the long side of baby talk. He apologizes for the formality,

lectern and all. Hopes they'll have time afterward for a rap session. I wonder. He seems somewhat uneasy: two bearded Jewish youths stand, arms interwrapped, near the last row. *Tsuris* coming from that direction. When Father Dan reads the poetry a hush falls over his own voice. He rasps poems out, forcing excitement, the way you might recite Clement Moore to four-year-olds on Christmas Eve. Grandfatherly half-glasses heighten the image. Dramatic tension in his throat; not too much of anything in the words.

Daniel Berrigan is not a poet. He hasn't the equipment. His imagery, his language are humdrum as check stubs. And nothing but prison poetry this afternoon. We endured his trivial crimes; now we endure his trivial punishment. Verses on: a tooth extraction, a visiting skunk, an anal search. Your average pickpocket has as much to say. He needs the Jesuit identity: then, at least, elegiac phrases like "mother f-----" scrounge up some impact. A priest's vulgarity is still special. But Berrigan doesn't even take God's name in vain. He has renounced that persona, if not the faith itself. Jesus and Vietnam and Watergate are overwhelmed by peevish complaint. He seems to say merely "I—I—was imprisoned. I was made uncomfortable. I." And his insipid poems go more or less applauseless—except when Berrigan shills for himself. "How about that?" he asks. Polite, isolated handclaps after a long pause. Forty minutes of what amounted to prison housekeeping, the soul's dull laundry, and Father Dan sits. The fee is as good as pocketed; he prepares for small talk.

THE TALK is not small. A young Jew, stocky and bearded, rises at his seat. "On October 19, 1973 you made a speech to the Association of Arab University Graduates—" His blocky hands are shaking, but the voice is electric. There are no *moues* in his diction. Berrigan, seated, has begun to blink: one per three seconds. The cud is shredded inside his lower lip. And Father Dan's bizarre, provocative sentences are read back. His antagonist repeats them with the rhythm of litany. "If only a people could stand back from the blood myths of Divine Election." "Israel is the creation of millionaires, generals, and entrepreneurs, a criminal Jewish community that has become the repository and finally the tomb of the Jewish soul." "The Jew is the slave master whose behavior is motivated by a Nazi-like racism." Berrigan waits.

"What does it mean to me, a Jew, to hear a priest say that my Jewish people has lost its soul? And you say 'the Zionists in our midst'—you know what that means to me? The traitors in our midst, check out the size of their noses. There is legitimate criticism of Israel, but these are the words of an antisemite. You may not know you're an antisemite, but I know it. Father Berrigan, I can hardly believe you said these things. Someone close to you is whispering it in your ear."

Berrigan seems struck by this. He comes back to the microphone. Eyes,

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Pete Rainer, *a recent Brandeis graduate, is a freelance film critic. . . .* **Benjamin J. Stein** *has written television reviews for the* Wall Street Journal *and other publications. Like Mr. Rainer, he is making his first appearance in* NR.

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as he crosses the stage, are on his feet.

"I wish you had printed my entire speech," he said. He will say it several times. The mild, modest voice seems now a device. "I merely wanted to open some forbidden subjects. I would have said the same thing before a gathering of Jews." This is enormous; hard to believe. The audience is unsettled. Berrigan temporizes. For ten minutes the Jew has pressed him with quotations. Finally, "I don't think we can get any further with this. I want to say only that I am as antisemitic as I am anti-Catholic." Not all that reassuring if you think about it.

Berrigan takes other questions. It goes something like this:

"Are you going to run for the Senate?"

"No. I'm going to run the other way."

"You haven't answered me."

"Are your brother and Elizabeth happy?"

"You haven't answered me."

"Yes. They're in love. Living in a ghetto commune."

Berrigan sits. An oblique hand sign: lecture over. From his judge's bench/lectern he has overruled dissent. The man who, in *Catonsville*, spoke for his superior moral passion has been outpassioned. Diminished. Daniel Berrigan's time has come. And, as suddenly, it has gone. □

FILM

PETE RAINER

John Ford 1895-1973

Great American movie directors have traditionally been madmen, but what separated their madness from the usual hack hysterics was their faith in the visionary powers of film, its great foolish magic. Griffith's symphonic gifts had the subconscious force of a whole people behind them—he wanted to show us the Civil War or the ride of Paul Revere the way we always imagined them to be. Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* was a self-conscious, larger-than-life tribute to the cartoon of crackerjack Americanism. In contrast, the work of John Ford, who died late last year at the age of 78, was serene. He had an elegiac feeling for the American West and, at its best, his pure, epic vision transformed horse opera into folk art. His best work was so eminently simple that it seemed almost childlike. Of all the great American directors, he was the sanest.

By the time John Ford started to direct his own films in 1917 the art had already been well established by Griffith. Griffith wanted to reach the people sitting in the unifying darkness of movie theaters all over the country and make

them fellow visionaries of a shared heritage. He was America's greatest celebrant, and the young Ford, with his embracing love of countryside and cowboys, was his natural heir. The early four- and five-reel westerns that Ford turned out in the years of Griffith's decline were his apprenticeship. His first great success was *The Iron Horse* (1924), an epic about the first transcontinental railroad. With one exception Ford did not direct another western until 1935, with *Stagecoach*, but he was always among the busiest of Hollywood directors, in part because he was naturally prolific but also because churning out what the studios needed sometimes gave him the chance to sneak a personal project in on the side. (*The Informer* was practically smuggled out of RKO.) In the Forties, except for his WW II documentaries and some other notable exceptions (*Grapes of Wrath*, *Long Voyage Home*, *How Green Was My Valley*), Ford worked almost exclusively on westerns. The situation was much the same in the Fifties, only this time the documentaries were about Korea and his themes were a bit more brazenly Irish (*Quiet Man*, *The Last Hurrah*). Ford went right on making films until 1966—over 80 films in all—until he became too old to go on.

Some reservations. Ford's gifts were large but they were also limiting; they seemed incapable of further growth once he had achieved the startling success of films like *Stagecoach* and *Young Mr. Lincoln*. Those films stand out in the mind pure and whole and fully achieved, but much of his subsequent work looks routinized: the camera dawdles over boring vistas, the same actors engage in the same thigh-slapping bits of blarney that weren't all that funny to begin with, and the cavalry rides out to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind" *again*. When an artist repeats himself, even if what he's repeating was good to begin with, his films no longer make demands on us and they become "product." I think that this is basically what happened to Ford after *My Darling Clementine* (1946). It's a classic American dilemma, and has done in almost every filmmaker eventually: the vision that informed their early work—the originality that made a difference—soon becomes standardized because the public wants to see the same things over and over again and the director, sticking to what he's already demonstrated he can do, complies, stops taking chances, and is cut down to conventionality. Ford's last big western, *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964), is a going-through-the-motions epic. It looks like the work of his imitators.

What is unusual about Ford's decline is that, in spite of his sameness, he always maintained his superb sense of craft. It was craftsmanship—coupled with that swift, simplistic morality of his that so often acted as a kind of gyroscope in keeping even his worst efforts afloat—that made his films so consistently entertaining long after they ceased to be *about* anything.

But what about Ford's greatness? I was not being facile when I compared him to Griffith. Like Griffith, Ford's best inspiration came from so close to the unconscious that films like *Stagecoach* don't seem directed at all; they're like the emanations of a collective frontier dream. Ford's West went way beyond mere historical accuracy. It was how we always wanted the West to be. There was nothing intricate in his style, nothing that could explode the western genre the way Sam Peckinpah and Robert Altman have done. But Ford's

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"square" straightforwardness was often very beautiful, and should not be disparaged. He was a popular artist who took his legends straight, and his uninsistent reverence made them yield up bits of poetry: a stagecoach winding delicately through Monument Valley; a mining town wreathed in early morning fog; the sullen, noble movements of doomed soldiers; Wyatt Earp's little folk dance of courtship. And best of all, that moment near the end of *Young Mr. Lincoln* when Lincoln (Henry Fonda), having just saved the lives of his two young clients, leaves the courtroom and stands mute before the cheering townspeople. In his stovepipe hat and black suit, tall and thin and solemn against the white wall, the image is almost abstract in its suggestion of death. The young man who will become the Lincoln of our dreams is framed in a moment of time forever. This is Ford's legacy. □

TELEVISION

BENJAMIN J. STEIN

Kung Fu

Somehow the casting seems wrong. The sets are all right—wide, sagebrush-filled plains and mountains, dusty unnamed streets lined with two-story frame buildings. The supporting characters seem to be in order—leathery faced men with huge revolvers strapped to their hips, women in gingham dresses looking toughened and sexually starved by the life of the frontier.

It is the main character who looks wrong—at first. He is of no more than medium height. His clothes are in tatters. He wears his dirty, stringy hair down to his shoulders. He does not carry a gun. He does not ride a horse. He does not even wear shoes.

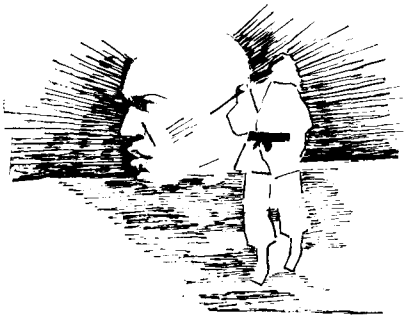
BUT IN the world of television, where to be right means to have a 30 share (30 per cent of the viewing audience at a given time), the casting is perfect. That insignificant figure shuffling across the prairies every Thursday night on ABC-TV is David Carradine playing Caine, in the show that 31 million people watch week after week—*Kung Fu*, the most popular western series except for the invulnerable *Gunsmoke*. It is, in some ways, an innovative show, reflecting the times in which it was born. It is the flower children's western, and the sponsors love it.

Caine is a half-Chinese, half-Caucasian man of indeterminate (but young) age who was the product of a liaison between a Chinese woman and an American man. Somehow his parents disappeared, and he was raised in a Chinese monastery. There the monks practiced the martial art of kung fu, similar to karate, and the writing of aphorisms after the manner of Chairman McKuen. There Caine learned to eat sparingly, talk sparingly, and act sparingly. He also learned to shun the company of women, who ever after found him irresistible.

BUT Caine was expelled from this paradise (get it? Caine?) when he killed the Crown Prince of China for murdering his favorite monk. He sailed to America, doomed to wander the western United States in the mythical time in which all westerns take place, civilizing the Caucasians as he goes.

And Caine goes about it in a way which may be farfetched, but is new on the scene. He does not come on like a tough guy, bringing order by force of arms alone. He is no Marshal Dillon or Paladin, tending the western garden by brusquely killing the weeds.

Rather, he is at heart a peacemaker, who shows people a better way to live. He fights, to be sure, and every episode has one scene in which Caine beats up



about ten people at once with his kung fu jazz. But the fight never resolves anything. The resolution comes about through changes of heart inspired by Caine's saintly behavior and advice.

In a recent episode, typical of about half the episodes, Caine falls in with Slim Pickens, playing a reformed crook living in New Mexico. Caine and Pickens are set upon by a deranged, self-appointed Texas Ranger. The Ranger shoots Pickens and is himself put before a judge. When Caine is pressed to explain, as a witness, whether the Ranger was shooting in self-defense, he comes up with the first of his aphorisms —"I cannot say what I did not see."

To explain how a seemingly simple-minded fellow like Caine could come out with such a pellucid explanation of evidentiary law, there is a flashback to Caine's boyhood at the monastery, where the favorite monk teaches such things as, "The law holds all men together—if they honor it."

Later we are shown a flashback of the monk telling Caine that "if the discipline of the law is intended to protect oneself, then if one breaks the law, it is oneself who is injured." Still later, Caine and the deranged Ranger are wrongly sentenced to death for a murder they did not commit. When Caine breaks out of jail and takes the Ranger with him, the Ranger is racked with guilt at escaping the law's penalty, however unjust. Caine solves that one by noting that "if the law is not right, then it is not the law."

AFTER THE two fugitives risk their lives by returning to town with the critically wounded sheriff who had been pursuing them, the judge recognizes their essential honesty and sets them free. The Ranger, moved by Caine's honesty and self-effacing ways, abandons his self-appointed career and his dreams of destruction. And Caine shuffles off into the sunset.

Caine has sprung up from that worship of the occult, the different, the alien that showed itself in the earlier teenybopper adoration of Spock (the half-other-world-half-human creature of *Star Trek*), and in the current fascination with things Chinese. The hippie's dream, he is, by birth and education, not part of this degenerate and violent society, yet he can defend himself in it. He lives by his own standards, without allowing other people to impose their standards on him. Yet Caine always succeeds in imposing *his* standards (nonviolently, despite his lethal skills) on those around him.

Caine never seeks out female attention. It always just seems to come to him (goading the Caucasian men in the show to fury), and he never reciprocates, always keeping himself in a position to make peace between the two men fighting for the woman. This too

(Continues on page 273)

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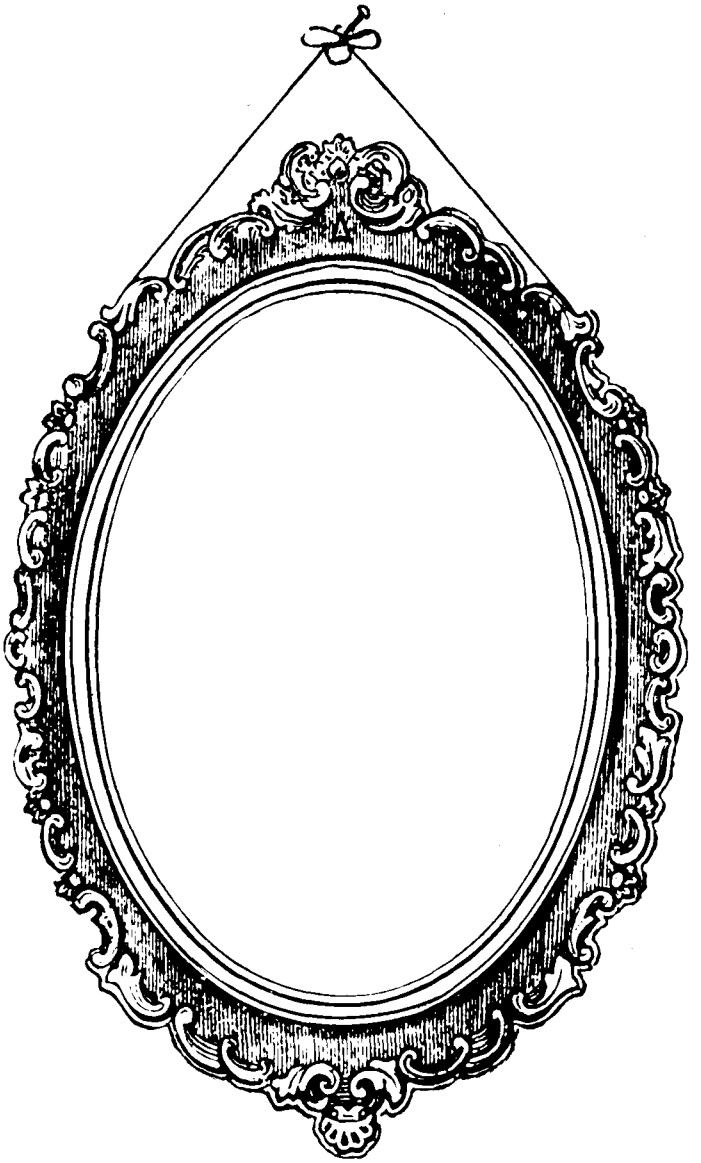

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BOOKS

Lesser Expectations

EDWIN YODER

Coping
By Daniel P. Moynihan
Random House, 430 pp., $10

These essays and speeches of the Sixties and early Seventies range over most of Mr. Moynihan's concerns, from auto safety to education; but cumulatively, like sedimentary layers, they mark the evolution of his doubts about the benefits of social science to society. Being Irish and acquainted with sorrows, he probably expected less of social science than most Americans to begin with—certainly less than that it would enable a race of sociologist-kings to unlock Utopia if only the dumb politicians would move aside. As a boy growing up on the New York streets and shining shoes there, he conceived an old-fashioned affection for ward-heeling politicians and esteems them at least as highly as reformers. (See "Bosses and Reformers," the lead essay, a brilliant analysis of the debacle of the New York State Democracy that uncannily foreshadowed the McGovern debacle of 1972.)

As our preeminent social scientist in government over the past decade, moreover, Mr. Moynihan has made a trek from greater to lesser expectations. Bliss it was to be in the subcabinet of John F. Kennedy, but Watts and the Coleman Report on American education were not blissful news for social scientists. And as readers of his earlier books will know, the professor now finds himself somewhat immobilized. From the perspective of New Delhi, where he is Mr. Nixon's ambassador to India, he surveys the past decade with the chagrin of a good flat-earther confronted with the tidings of circumnavigation.

That puts it rather too strongly and too cutely, of course. For anyone but Mr. Moynihan it would be sheer agony to entertain these severe doubts of the beneficence of his trade. But his inventiveness is equal to his disillusionment: social science's distress becomes its benefit. Consider, for instance, his brilliant essay on the *Serrano* case, the California suit in which discrimination among districts in school taxation was held a denial of equal protection. The piece appeared in 1972 when *Serrano* and parallel cases had gone to the Supreme Court, and argues powerfully that a judicially imposed reallocation of school revenues would in the end redistribute income from the needy to the affluent. "This is a rebuttable assertion," he writes, "but the courts should insist that it be rebutted before ordering anything of the sort."

It was not rebutted, apparently, as the Court ultimately went his way. The point is, if you think about it, that such a procedure would demand the presentation of a Brandeis brief in crucial court tests of national social or educational policy; which in turn would demand the services of armies of social scientists to acquaint lawyers and judges with the dernier cri in social science. Social scientists would not go hungry, although it seems implicit in much of what Mr. Moynihan writes that their chief function would be to flag judges away from their own past errors, and say what government cannot do.

Of the errors and follies that come in for merciless poleaxing in these pages, from the greed of Detroit auto tycoons to the nihilistic frolics of the New Left, the chief target is what Mr. Moynihan somewhere calls "30-year-old liberalism," by which he means that liberalism which loses no momentum, indeed accelerates, as its assumptions about social change are shot down one by one. Much American political progressivism is like that—faith, not science, nourished by what it believes to be sound social statistics. But that science evolves from age to age; its conventional wisdom changes. It seems only yesterday that Justice Holmes admonished his Supreme Court brethren that they did not sit to enact the Social Statics of Herbert Spencer. No longer Spencerian, but no less tenacious, the conventional wisdom of social-science-flavored politics lingers.

Among its unexamined assumptions, to name two that especially intrigue Mr. Moynihan, are the belief that "inferior" schools (i.e., underfinanced, rundown schools) produce inferior graduates; and that poverty, as measured by income levels, produces bad health. That is, that the morally abhorrent produces predictable social and physical effects.

It is Mr. Moynihan's argument—really the central theme of this book—that the current discoveries of social science often do not confirm the obvious. Indeed, they may contradict it, which is to say they are often "counterintuitive." Such are the Defense Department studies that show significantly higher draft rejection rates on medical grounds of higher income, educated persons than of the poor and ill-educated; and higher physical fitness rates for Southerners and Negroes than for Northerners and whites. Such, as well, are the "counterintuitive" discoveries of the Coleman Report in which none of the anticipated correlations between "inferior" schools and inferior schooling obtained.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: John Barron's *KGB: The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents* is getting a big push from Reader's Digest Press ($10.95). . . . For the paranoia market, there's *State Secrets: Police Surveillance in America* by Paul Cowan, Nick Egleson, and Nat Hentoff (Holt, $10). . . . Pop historian E. R. Chamberlin chronicles *The Fall of the House of Borgia* (Dial, $10). . . . By James R. Mellow, *Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein & Company* (Praeger, $12.95). . . . Leonard S. Bernstein portrays the garment industry with flair in *"How's Business?" "Don't Ask"* (Dutton, $6.95). . . . Ernest Samuels collates *The Education of Henry Adams* with his own annotations and Adams' notes (Houghton, $10). The same house unveils another Louis Auchincloss novel of upper class Waspdom, *The Partners* ($6.95).

■ LOOKING TOWARD MARCH. Michael Novak ruminates about the place of the Presidency in *Choosing Our King* (Macmillan, $7.95). . . . Three from St. Martin's: *Samuel Johnson: The Complete English Poems* ($7.95), *Andrew Marvell: The Complete Poems* ($7.95), and *John Donne: The Complete English Poems* ($10.95). . . . Latest installment (1933-35) of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's letters and diaries is *Locked Rooms and Open Doors* (Harcourt, $7.95). The same house offers a Mary McCarthy collection, *The Seventeenth Degree*. Mostly screeds about Vietnam ($7.95).

■ PAPERBACKS JUST OUT. Another on Watergate, this by *Times*man William V. Shannon and photographer Stanley Tretick, *They Could Not Trust the King* (Collier, $4.95). . . . Sheet music and lyrics for some 80 classic songs cover *The Best of Broadway* (Crown, $6.95). . . . Much discussed and therefore priced high is Hunter Thompson's *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72* (Popular Library, $1.75). . . . A McGovernized look at election nitty-gritty from William T. Murphy Jr. and Edward Schneier, *Vote Power: How to Work for the Person You Want Elected* (Anchor, $1.95).

■ TV. Top ten specials of 1973, as reported by *Variety*, underscore the conservative tastes of most viewers: *Patton*; Bob Hope; Academy Awards; Christmas with the Bing Crosbys; Bob Hope's Christmas Show; Elvis: Aloha from Hawaii; third World Series game; fourth World Series game; *The Ten Commandments*; Jack Benny's First Farewell Special.

■ BROADWAY. Ten longest runs in history, as noted in *Variety*: *Fiddler on the Roof*; *Life with Father*; *Tobacco Road*; *Hello, Dolly*; *My Fair Lady*; *Man of La Mancha*; *Abie's Irish Rose*; *Harvey*; *Hair*; *Oklahoma!*

Our natural impulse is to dismiss such findings with Mark Twain's famous observation about damned lies and statistics. The safer course, the lesson Mr. Moynihan advances, is to learn that there is after all a difference between what we wish to find and what we find—between the social science of politics and the politics of social science. The other lesson is the lesson of uncertainty. He puts it with typical felicity: "In retrospect, it was easy to be captain of the *Indomitable*, was it not? But what commands shall issue forth from the quarterdeck of the *Uncertain*, the *Not Sure*?"

What commands indeed? As captain of the *Not Sure*, Mr. Moynihan can hardly assume that his mutiny against the certainties of liberal politics and social science are without impact. If Americans lose their credulity about the social sciences as guides to political action, it will be well lost. Liberalism, which has so long subsisted on such guides, should be experimental; and initiatives that lumber on unexamined for years cannot be that. But if with credulity we lose confidence that any reliable guidelines are to be had, what then? One may assume that serious politicians will demand that economists, sociologists, demographers, educationists, et al. not throw up their hands in the face of inevitable choices. If the captains of the *Not Sure* jump overboard, the charlatans with their dangerous certainties will shortly be coming up the ladder.

If social science is inevitable, then, how can it be tamed? Mr. Moynihan offers useful suggestions in another magnificent piece, "Program *v.* Policy in the 1970s," in which he insists that "there are no social interests about which the national government does not have some policy or other, simply by virtue of the indirect influences of programs nominally directed to other areas. . . . Most of us have by now got it fairly straight that, for example, agricultural research can lead to the migration of farm populations, which has consequences for the cities." Alas, all too few of us have got that straight, even fairly straight. Aware as we may be, some of us, of the ecological systems in nature, too few of us are aware of the delicate ecologies of politics, it being a major political superstition that major governmental policies otherwise "progressive" and humane rarely have untoward side effects. We are to have steady-state economists, it seems, so why no steady-state sociologists and political scientists?

CERTAINLY we may demand as Mr. Moynihan does that social scientists distinguish carefully between personal politics, which may be as wise or foolish as yours or mine, and disciplined findings from controlled data which carry valid implications for social action—or inaction.

Daniel P. Moynihan is a perfectly splendid writer. Who else could make so prosy a matter as auto safety stimulating, even exciting? He is not error-free: he seems to misunderstand the meaning of serendipity at one point; he consigns the British Labor Party leadership of a bygone age to a somewhat lower socioeconomic category than the facts warrant; and he seems to confuse James Anthony Froude, the skeptical historian, with his elder brother Hurrell, the follower of Cardinal Newman. But these are minor blemishes indeed. *Coping* must be read by everyone who suspects that the social sciences have an inevitable role, but require to be chastened. □

America
By Alistair Cooke
Knopf, 400 pp., $15

COOKE'S TOUR

JACK CHATFIELD

It is easy to fault Alistair Cooke's *America* on points of emphasis and interpretation. He passes over slavery too quickly and omits any mention of the Confederate leadership during the secession crisis and the Civil War. His discussion of Reconstruction shows that he is out of touch with even the mildest revisionist writings of the past generation. Andrew Jackson is treated only in the context of his Indian policy (which, to be sure, is important

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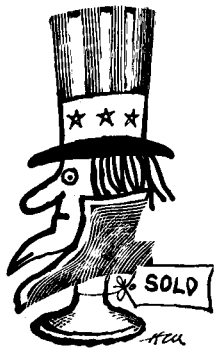
enough). There is hardly a word about the Mexican or Spanish-American Wars, and "Manifest Destiny" is not even indexed. Isolationism and the belief in American uniqueness as a permanent feature of American culture and politics are ignored. More than once his historian's deftness turns to grossness, as when he writes of the early Puritans: "[Their] merciless prescription of what constituted the only good life was maintained on the usual totalitarian pretext that it was essential for good order." Historical analogizing is a complex and delicate art, and Cooke sometimes gets careless. Comparing John Winthrop in any of his aspects to the Stalinists is something like comparing Lincoln to Boss Tweed because both were skilled politicians. After years of teaching adolescents—and I hope adolescents read Cooke's book—I have come to believe that there is nothing that hampers the historical imagination so much as a crude application of the "history repeats itself" adage.

OCCASIONALLY Cooke makes an error so egregious that one is tempted to pass over it in charitable silence. Speaking of the Founding Fathers, he says: "It was a daring thing not to try to reduce the power of the states." The opposite is true, and it explains why Cooke only casually mentions the fight for ratification of the Constitution (it was a widely shared belief that *any* central government would be tyrannical), and why he gives a most prolix account of the birth of the Confederacy: South Carolina seceded in December, then the others, then the Confederate government was formed, et cetera. Cooke, as an Englishman, is understandably fascinated by that most American of institutions, the Supreme Court, but oblivious to some other American peculiarities which are less salient (and conceptually more elusive) than, say, Standard Oil and the New Immigration.

Edwin Yoder *is associate editor of the* Greensboro Daily News *in North Carolina. . . .* **Jack Chatfield** *teaches at the Watkinson School in Hartford. . . .* **M. J. Sobran Jr.** *is an associate editor of this magazine. . . .* **Charles Nicol** *teaches at Indiana State University. . . .* **Martin F. Nolan** *is Washington bureau chief of the* Boston Globe *and a syndicated columnist.*

I am speaking of the states rights federalism which so shaped the history of the young nation. The Civil War was fought over slavery, to be sure, but only as part of the broader framework of the federalism of Jefferson, Jackson, Polk, and Buchanan. Cooke sometimes lets his narrative skill carry him past wearying complexities. (And, by the way, contrary to what Cooke and just about everybody else believe, Robert E. Lee never did free his slaves.)

Cooke, who for the past 24 years has been the chief U.S. correspondent of Britain's *Guardian*, is a fine writer with an instinct for the illuminating phrase. When he delivers the goods, which is most of the time, he delivers them with a flair. On George III: "He suffers, like Lafayette and Jefferson and Washington himself, from being known best by portraits painted in old age." On John Winthrop: "What made him leave [England] was a combination of high principle, high prices, and low rents." On the voyages of discovery: "Modern history, you could say, began with the problem of how to bypass Turkey and still get to the spice islands of Indonesia—or, more simply still, how to get pepper by sea."



The photographs and paintings which decorate—indeed, one can say, define—this distinguished and handsome volume must be considered separately. There is a remarkable photo of slaves in a Georgia cotton field, and of a homesteading family in Kansas. There is Lewis Hine's photo of a young girl in a North Carolina textile mill. She is frozen between the immense machines, posing stiffly as if for a class picture. There is a painting of George Washington being borne into Heaven by a phalanx of angels. There is an advertisement for the McCormick reaper showing pioneers in their wagons arriving at a peaceful valley where wheat is being harvested by the marvelous machines. Cooke has given us a beautifully balanced selection revealing the substance of history and its guiding myths.

This book seems calculated to arouse the interest and the wonder of the nonhistorian. The photographs alone may bring on conversion experiences in listless students, because they convey the richness of the past in a way in which words cannot. The text is alive with the love and fascination that Cooke feels for this "bitterly, and sometimes rousingly, complicated place" which is America. Perhaps an Englishman will help Americans recover their past. □

Friar Thomas D'Aquino: His Life, Thought, and Works
By James A. Weisheipl, OP
Doubleday, 464 pp., $8.95

THE REASONABLENESS OF ST. THOMAS

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

How to "get at" Thomas Aquinas? Of all the great philosophers, he is perhaps the hardest to approach, the most immediately uncongenial to moderns. Like many of his critics, he even would deny that he should be called a philosopher. The usual gibe is Bertrand Russell's: Thomas' "appeal to reason is, in a sense, insincere, since the conclusion to be reached is fixed in advance." And even a sympathetic reader may find Thomas bafflingly inane, if not contemptibly quodlibetical, when he asks (for instance) how cannibalism would complicate the final resurrection of the dead.

THERE ARE plausible answers to such difficulties: Anthony Kenny notes that Russell's remark comes oddly from a man who took 360 pages to prove that one and one make two. "When speculation has done its worst," said another Englishman, who also undertook to refute Berkeley by kicking a stone, "two and two still make four." F. H. Bradley had it (jocularly, to be sure) that metaphysics was the finding of bad reasons for what we already think we know. But Aquinas was willing to acknowledge that revealed truths are among those things we *do* already know, and was convinced that, knowing them, we could also find reasons, and good reasons, for holding them.

Grant him this postulate, and his questions about the implications of cannibalism are as reasonable as Russell's inquiries about the baldness of the present king of France, and the exist-

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ence of that nonexistent golden mountain. It may even be that mathematical logic is as inadequate a model for human knowledge as kickability; can one really doubt this, when a Russell is reduced to dismissing human life as an oddity, and the extermination of races of men as a mere matter of taste? It is Russell's metaphysics, not Aquinas', after all, which is stultifyingly narrow and rigid; it is Aquinas' world, not Russell's, which is large enough to accommodate not only angels and incubi, but also human dignity and the love, hope, shame, and fury that are its corollaries. It is notable that the great reaction against Russell's aggressive reductionism (led by Wittgenstein, who held that "philosophy leaves the world as it is") has led to a renewed and respectful interest in metaphysics, and even in Aquinas, among the British philosophers.

NOTABLE but not paradoxical. Recent Thomists have insisted that it is wrong to think of Thomas as a Rationalist, a creator of closed and exhaustive systems; rather, they emphasize his openness, his reverence for the "intelligible mystery" of reality, his humble awareness of the limitations of human knowledge. And, they tell us, we must learn to read him in the spirit in which he wrote, expanding our metaphysical horizons gradually, carefully, responsibly, in the light of real experience. We must recreate his milieu, retrace his steps, rethink his thoughts, if we are to understand him.

This seems reasonable. Father Weisheipl's book seems to assume it in its ambitious introduction: "Some attempt must be made to understand the historical perspective in which Thomas thought and wrote in order to appreciate the transcendental insights he contributed to man in every age. Just as historical biblical research of recent generations has not diminished the transcendent message of the Bible, so too a historical approach to St. Thomas and his writing cannot diminish the urgency of his message, but will make it all the more reasonable."

But the book, qua biography, neither diminishes nor enhances Thomas' message. True, there are useful expositions of many of Thomas' works and doctrines, and the book will be valuable to scholars as a critical compendium of biographical sources (it includes a 50-page "Brief Catalogue of Authentic Works"); but the expositions seem to occur abruptly, as required by the chronology of the writings rather than by any visible development of Aquinas' thought, and many works which Weisheipl assures us are vital to a true understanding of Thomism—like the scriptural commentaries, few of which are available in English—receive no exposition at all. Despite the thoroughness of its scholarship, the book remains sketchy, no doubt because the sources themselves are sketchy. Therefore a real intellectual biography of Aquinas is probably impossible.

If the historical approach to Thomism is to justify Fr. Weisheipl's hopes for it, its focus must be, not the life of Aquinas, but his whole intellectual milieu, which terrain has of course been thoroughly and successfully charted for many years now. The larger the man, the greater the background against which he must be viewed, which is why an imaginative amateur like Chesterton may be more helpful than an expert to one who wishes to "get at" Aquinas, and to understand how a supremely reasonable man could be so given to speculation about angels and incubi. □

FICTION

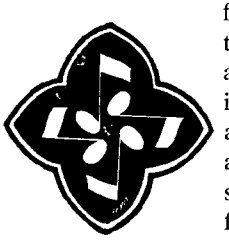
Burr
By Gore Vidal
Random House, 430 pp., $8.95

PUTTING CATSUP ON THE FOUNDERS

CHARLES NICOL

This novel energetically pursues two arguments, the first of which, that Aaron Burr was no villain, has definite merits. Burr tied in the presidential vote with Thomas Jefferson, became Vice President, killed Alexander Hamilton in a fair fight, and later stood trial on an apparently trumped up treason charge in a landmark case where John Marshall used the subpoena against Jefferson (the relevance of this to Watergate has been widely reported by self-publicist Vidal). Vidal has also let it be known that he hangs somehow a fair fruit from the Burr family tree. Advocacy and loyalty have charms, and Vidal has a good client.

But this novel also argues that the Founding Fathers were fallible—and worse. Indeed, the Revolution was "set in motion by the ambitions of a number of greedy and vain lawyers." We are offered petty politicians gossiping their way to personal empires, and arrogant poseurs preoccupied with their own vanity as they preen for their legends. Alas, this arch comedy spends less time proving that George Washington was an incapable general than proving that George Washington had a fat rear. It seems to be the work of a gossip columnist; it spreads unpalatable innuendo like a small boy catsups his french fries. It isn't wicked, just catty.



Vidal finally does Burr's reputation little good, for it seems no great accomplishment to have been treated as an equal by this bunch of founding scoundrels. Indeed, Burr here seems to have no reason to be in politics save ambition, no attitude toward the theories of government that had been so much of these men's lives. He is principled in the sense that he keeps his word when he makes political deals, and he doesn't play dirty; he is a gentleman. That is apparently enough for Vidal, who claims historical accuracy. If Vidal can be trusted, the sarcasm and name-calling come straight from Burr. But because the most obviously fictional events are those most concerned with innuendo as power and ambition as its own excuse, it becomes clear that the debased assessment of mankind is not Burr's but Vidal's.

THE "present" of the novel is Burr's old age, with frequent short memoirs by Burr filling in the gaps at convenient spots. This allows for a highly fragmented history, with immense holes in it. Consequently Vidal pulls a number of fast ones; for instance, the duel with Hamilton was supposedly fought because Hamilton finally said something unforgivable about Burr's beloved daughter, the one important thing in Burr's life. All this seems fine, but it is *totally* Vidal's own speculation, and it seems unfair to offer such a suggestion and then never attempt a portrait of that beloved daughter in the novel.

Another copout is the duel itself, which Vidal dramatizes by having Burr

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revisit the scene many years later. Was it because Vidal had little notion of a character for Hamilton that he avoided that most expected scene? For Hamilton seems extremely uncharacterized throughout. Had Vidal known, could he have deliberately avoided mentioning that Hamilton's son had died in a duel on the same spot earlier? What kind of man would have chosen the same location for his own confrontation and death?

THIS novel is no potboiler, but it does seem to suffer from failure of vision and if not haste then perhaps simply lack of insight. There are many interesting scenes, such as a description of a New York Dutch restaurant. Burr's old age is well done. The most memorable figure is Thomas Jefferson, possibly because Burr detests him so much while Vidal notes in an Afterword that his own opinion of Jefferson is quite different. But Vidal has included a young, dull narrator who reads Burr's memoranda and takes his own notes; it seems strange he never questions Burr on these attitudes, never becomes involved in the historical arguments. The novel has very apparent seams, and the sewing up has been rather haphazard; indeed, some of the stuffing has fallen out. □

The Boys on the Bus
By Timothy Crouse
Random House, 383 pp., $7.95
Us & Them: How the Press Covered the 1972 Election
By James M. Perry
Clarkson N. Potter, 279 pp., $7.95

THEY ARE US

MARTIN F. NOLAN

Good heavens, how can I review these books? I am *in* these books, a party to events. How can I possibly meet the standards of objectivity for readers of NATIONAL REVIEW when Timothy Crouse asserts that "Nolan stood, on many matters, to the left of George McGovern"? Ah, but the chimera of objectivity is but one of the many demons exorcised in these two salty volumes on the role of the press in politics; ideological bias is another. As James Perry catalogues the follies of the press in 1972:

> We leaped into print to award the nomination to Muskie, even before the first of 23 primaries took place. We took Dr. Gallup's famous poll and we leaped into print to write off George McGovern. We never imagined George Wallace would run in the Democratic primaries, and we leaped into print to award Florida to Jackson or Muskie or almost anyone else. We waited breathlessly for John Lindsay to make up his mind; when he did, we leaped into print to say he would put an end to the McGovern nonsense. We thought Hubert Humphrey was old and foolish, and we couldn't wait to leap into print to say so.
>
> It didn't make any difference if we were liberal or conservative, Consciousness I or Consciousness III. The gift of prophecy is not ideological and it has no lifestyle. Most of the time we were just wrong. . . .

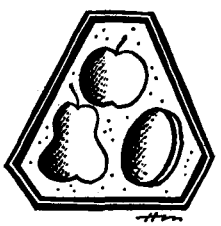
Inadequacy of political coverage cannot be explained as the result of ideological bias. If the press was that rabidly anti-Nixon and powerful enough to command so much White House attention, then its assumed mission of the President's political destruction in 1972 was startlingly unsuccessful. The faults of the press are those of humans caught up in the lure of power. The temptations are sometimes created by the reporters themselves and at other times wantonly thrust upon them.

"The Middle Political Journalist is a 45-year-old white male reared in the suburbs of Peoria, Ill., whose wife is a member of the PTA," says Perry, describing us (the reporters) as not that much different from them (the politicians). Perry adds a truth difficult for devil-theory advocates to absorb: "We are, in fact, *you*—middle-class, middle-income, and middle-age Americans."

MOST of the reporters examined by Crouse and Perry grew up under the crusty city editor's admonition, "No one cares how a reporter gets his story." That maxim has since been disproven by Gay Talese, Spiro Agnew, and innumerable grand juries and prosecutors.

Perry writes for the *National Observer*, which is the *Rolling Stone* of the square set. Crouse writes for *Rolling Stone*, which is the *National Observer* of the counterculture. Perry's book is straight documentary, a newsreel of how the press covered various primaries, events, and politicians, climaxed by a jeremiad on "What We Did." ("We did—on balance—blow it.") Crouse's approach is *cinéma vérité*, intimate portraits of "the heavies" —David Broder, Jules Witcover, R. W. Apple Jr., Evans and Novak—emphasizing how they influenced political power and how power influenced them. The Crouse approach is less episodic and more engrossing. "Campaign journalism is by definition pack journalism," he says, but does not generalize as much as Perry.

CROUSE persuades the reporters themselves to confess how much they love and hate their jobs, how each day provides its own "pace, variety, and excitement." He often writes lyrically of the campaign, describing the nadir of the Muskie campaign at a Green Bay hotel, "one of those huge, ancient salesman's hotels that are forever burning down on the front pages of tabloids." Crouse came to admire the press but he joins Perry in an indictment of how the press botched the 1972 presidential election. The most wretched of the boys on the bus were the indolent inmates of the White House press room. "They were journalistic Prufrocks and they measured out their lives in handouts," says Crouse of White House reporters, some of whom "thrived in this suffocating palace atmosphere." They/we should have all ganged up on Nixon or at least on Ziegler, Crouse suggests, and that action might have affected the outcome of the election.



I doubt that. Nixon was playing hostility-to-the-press like a harpsichord, for one thing. For another, American voters may well have made up their minds before the alleged "campaign" had begun. The election was not a fraud; voters knew the difference between Richard Nixon and George McGovern, and all the wit and piety of us boys on the bus could not change it.

Each of these lively, cold-eyed, and informative books belongs on the shelf of any alert newspaper reader. Reporters themselves, however, will find little hope of wisdom or redemption. "It's not a science," Crouse quotes David Broder as saying. "You can say, 'In 1968, I learned the following key les-

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sons, which I'm going to write down in the front of my notebook and look at twice a day all through 1972'—and you'll get absolutely deceived by doing that."

I've made my own pledges for 1976—no more blarney on issues, charisma, or ideology. Readers deserve in-depth examinations of each candidate's character. Get set for big takeouts on Henry Jackson's *Weltanschauung*, Nelson Rockefeller's motivations, Edward Kennedy's metaphysics. Alas, David Broder's self-deception is instructive. As Crouse records it, Broder, after making his 1972 resolutions, then "spent no less than ten days researching and writing an exhaustive article on the Birch Bayh machine." □

Blood Dues
By Dotson Rader
Knopf, 211 pp., $6.95

LEFT SEXUAL

DAVID BRUDNOY

Of the plethora of almost-young New Leftists currently doing books in America, Dotson Rader may be among the few who write, not just type. And as he agonizes his way through the contradictions of his rigid politics and his free-wheeling lifestyle, he exposes himself repeatedly, demonstrating an admirable, frequently honest vulnerability. He is also fixated, I think to his detriment, on a clever but ultimately tiring image, which his *I Ain't Marchin' Anymore!* (1969) and his perhaps autobiographical novel — the best of his books to date, *Government Inspected Meat* (1971)—also dwelled on: the "sexual- political construct [which] has to be leftist."

Blood Dues does not so much document as ramble through the withering away of the nonscholarly New Left. A compilation of bits and pieces from magazines, with some new material, it only fitfully holds together as narrative, and rarely as analysis. But throughout, Rader's ideological attachments, like messy suppurations, ooze through the pages. One ought not second-guess an author, but at peril I do: I think he should by now be ready to leave some of that baggage behind, and let his literary talents alone carry him. He's that rarity among his flock, the bird as craftsman.

But this book, despite its merits, is not the Liberation of Dotson Rader. He has been grazed by the factionalism and hypocrisies and plain old grubby rip-offism of his fellows, reminding me, in between the lines, of one of his friends, more famous than he (and less talented), who confessed to me before we had at it on TV a while back that some Negro liberationists had ripped him off for several thousand dollars, and *man* he was going to get their *asses*! Rader of course doesn't let down his guard that much, but he does neatly skewer his buddies when they merit it, as in his pages detailing the disastrous monetary flop at a conclave at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, one designed to wrench America's conscience on some left cause or another.

NOT THAT he himself is wholly above exploitation. I wouldn't want to be in their living room when Jacob and Mrs. Javits read what Dotson and his comrades think of *them*, after the good Senator's flat was made available to the young committed friends of The People one night. Nor would, or should, Dotson's buddy Tennessee Williams rejoice at the picture Rader has created of a rather silly duck, well-intentioned to be sure, so caught up in the leftist spirit that facts go by the board as feeling crowds out everything else. Gore Vidal, Gus Hall of the CPUSA (especially Hall), and a handful of other biggies on the Left will not be likely to invite Dotson to their soirées henceforth. He'll survive.

Nothing seemed to hold; it slipped through their fingers like sand. But some of the pictures Rader has painted of these characters and their doings are vivid: Tennessee Williams exclaiming on meeting Abbie Hoffman's child, named America: "America! Baby, you gave him a whole country and all I got's one Southern state!"; Mailer and Rader circling each other like wary cats, Mailer too sharp to be trapped, Rader too awed to be entirely his deliciously bitchy self; Yevtushenko, the poet laureate of the Sovietophiles, snapping in Javits' apartment: "There are too many goddam Jews in here!" (and the radic-chics, Jews included, saying nothing in protest); and on. Sharp, brutal, not bitter but caustic. Enough, one would hope—hope springs eternal—to give pause to the left groupies still hovering on campus, and off.

I wish Dotson Rader would come off his continual harping on the tough sex/left-politics synergism number. That and his machismo bit rankle. And for one whose affection for such as Tennessee Williams and Paul Goodman is so manifest and so stressed, his posturing as the Compleat Heterosexual despising homosexuals is ridiculous. Protesting too much occasions doubts. Whatever Rader *is*, and I don't know, he plays the annoyingly coy game of Tease the Readers, and he also indulges in amateur and, I think, fundamentally ignorant psychology, flipping off cream-puff-weighted insights into the "gay" world and its usage by the Left. It is more than a bore; it is a drag.

The man has an obvious feel for and a manifest attraction to youth. That they have yet to make him one of their left heroes, while glorifying clowns like Hoffman and Rubin and harridans like Mzzzz Fonda, is bemusing. When Rader speaks of those young people, of their longings, and of his concern for them (and more, his desire for some of them —contradiction time again), he does it lovingly and well. The most beautiful chapter in this book focuses on his dear friend Paul Goodman, whose death Rader learns of in New Orleans. Dotson was then playing Samaritan to a young drifter, a novice hustler. He turns the episode into a fine reflection on Goodman's meaning to this nation, and to Dotson. It is a plain essay, unadorned, lacking the occasional Rader excesses, and it works wonderfully.

THE BOOK, however, does not work, not as "art," in any case. But here and there it quite nicely lays down impressionistic evidence on the collapse of anything resembling a coherent New Left. Antagonists of the Left will dip eagerly into *Blood Dues* for an insider's testimony, but as we roam the land on the lecture-debate circuit borrowing from him to undo his friends, we would be remiss not to recognize in this man an emerging talent, certainly better than most of his political chums in literary skill, and, I think, better than the run of them in spirit. □

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STEIN
(Continued from page 265)

is part of the hippie's dream—a world in which sex is so readily available that it is a free good, one which can be turned down without any fear that there will not be more tomorrow; a world in which women are complaisant and eager, in which they have the (dubious and archaic) equality necessary to be the sexual aggressors, but not sufficient equality to be able to harm Caine, or those who identify with him.

This electronic incarnation of doped-up fantasies of an ideal way of life is, as a publicist for the American Broadcasting Company cheerfully put it, "making money hand over fist." The show's 30 share will keep Caine shuffling around the West with his messianic mission of taming the Western barbarians with the wisdom of the East. It has a vaguely religious ring to it, but then, on television, anything with a 30 share sounds like heavenly music.

And for the difference of its appeal, however cheap and half-baked it may be, the jaded television watcher should give thanks. As one of Caine's monks might say, "a tangerine is not the same as an orange but it is different." □

OLIVER
(Continued from page 257)

pronounce Solzhenitsyn?—but it doesn't matter. The post-Watergate era is for a man of perceived integrity. Without makeup. Straight from the plow. But intelligent. And a leader. Senator Buckley quoted Frank Meyer and spoke to the conservatives of their unity, as evidenced by the Conference: libertarians and traditionalists, and newer factions, *under one roof; their meaning, problems, hopes, challenges, opportunities.* "We can build a conservatism relevant to the Seventies." "We." The pronoun of the first person.

The Conference was over. The Mayflower Hotel was left to its memories—of Bebe Rebozo who, in 1968, had a suite there in which certain things did or did not happen; and of the People's Republic of China Liaison Mission to the U.S., which used the hotel as its first abode in 1973 and which, in appreciation of the hotel's hospitality, gave, to the staff, a hand-embroidered silk screen of two panda bears, prominently displayed in a lobby showcase. No one probably noticed it, but the "Chinese Room," one of the public rooms in which some of the panels were held, was, William Rusher announced, for the purposes and duration of the Conference deemed to be the "Nationalist Chinese Room." In fact, it has been the "Chinese Room" because of its decor for over a decade.

Conspicuously absent from the Conference were Barry Goldwater and NATIONAL REVIEW-YAF founder William F. Buckley Jr. Goldwater was campaigning—a sign of the times—and Buckley was on his way to Switzerland to teach Professor Galbraith some of the finer points. In a way, it was just as well. New leaders must take the spotlight. There is a wealth of talent—and if it is not enough, more must be developed. And the troops must be refreshed and invigorated by people they can mingle with freely. The last open conference, sponsored by *Human Events*, was held in 1963—pre-Goldwater, pre-Reagan,

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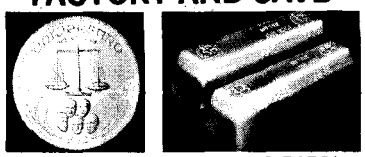

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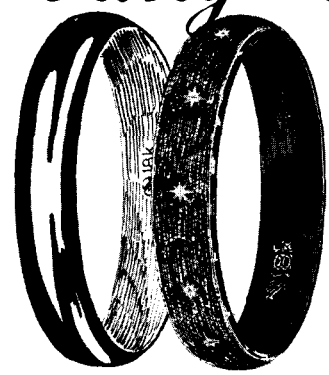

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

L[EONARD E.] READ:

Evil Begun, Rarely Undone

A former aide to Franklin Roosevelt . . . told me how a Congressman . . . presented . . . the "social security" idea . . . The President responded, "That is the silliest notion I have ever heard." . . . The Congressman continued his plea. . . . The busy President . . . closed the interview: ". . . Let's try it and see what happens."

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pre-Vietnam, pre-anti-Vietnam, pre-Nixon I, pre-James Buckley, pre-Nixon II, pre-Watergate. Where have the conservative leaders been? Not regrouping regularly for battle, though certainly not without their successes. Not meeting often enough to organize their pressure on and support of conservatives in Congress. But the leadership is changing—no derogation intended: to different people are given different talents.

The 1974 Conference—the first, *Deo volente*, of a series—was designed to remedy the failure in leadership, and to make the conservative movement conspicuous as the place to go for people with ideas who want to join the battle to keep America free. □

WARD

(Continued from page 261)

and coal export requirements by employing economical barge transshipment from the superport to the railhead at Norfolk and the Delaware River and Maryland steel mills. The centralization of supertraffic at one modern terminal, remote from metropolitan areas, would provide a degree of pollution control now lacking. The reduced frequency of VLCC schedules would correspondingly reduce the likelihood of spills, a hazard also diminished by the latest in equipment and techniques for containing and collecting spillage. The danger of grounding or colliding would be lessened by radar surveillance from control towers using techniques already proven for air transport. The reduced wave heights, currents, and wind forces in the shelter of the Lower Bay would reduce the problems of port operation and pollution control.

In spite of the patent superiority of the Lower Bay site, the Maritime Administration consultants gave more detailed treatment to an exposed spot 11.5 miles out in the Atlantic, reasoning that the project would then be beyond the range of the heavy artillery from the Delaware and New Jersey ecologists. Their defeatist retreat into open water seems ill advised. An artificial port remote from shore demands prodigious feats of engineering and construction. Its cost would exceed private capability and would require federal participation and attendant complications more formidable than the engineering. When completed its operating cost would be excessive.

Why are we dragging our feet? Why must the only nation that boasts a moonport defer to countries like Libya and South Africa in seaports? One former Department of Commerce official answers, "emotional hysteria." The pleas of the Maritime Administration, Corps of Engineers, Coast Guard, Society of Port Engineers, and industry, and even the voice of logic, are overwhelmed by the chorus of the Audubon Society, Izaak Walton League, and their brethren. These vocal comrades of conservation have prompted the State of Delaware to outlaw a superport off its shores and inspired Governor Peterson to proclaim: "As far as I'm concerned, even if Shell can build a plant 100 per cent free of pollution, I'm still opposed."

No one can fault any group truly bent on protecting our natural heritage. It is time, however, to question the right of subjective minorities to balk projects essential to both the ecological and economic health of the nation. Are such minorities privileged to foist pollution onto their neighbors or to expose the country to higher living costs, bloated trade deficits, and unemployment? In time we may get around to answering those questions. But until we do, our superships will be stuck in the basement. □

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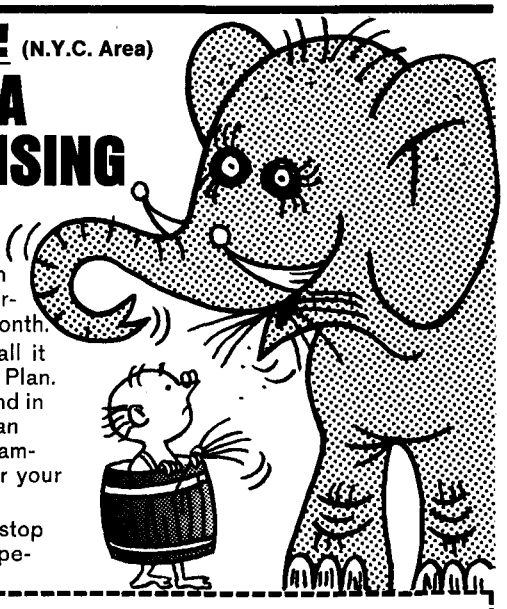

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Nixon and Resignation

On The Right

New York, Feb. 20—I propose, on completion of these words, to march them over to a printer, shrink them to penny-postcard size, and, wordlessly, to hand them out to elevator men, Hollywood stars, and corporation presidents who ask me, as everyone is asked these days, the one question: "Mr. Buckley, do you think Nixon will resign?"

If there were time, I would answer roughly as follows . . .

There are several Nixons.

The first is the one that comes most readily to mind. About him the cliché is: he will never quit. It is uncharacteristic of him. He is a determined, stubborn man who fought most of his adult life to be President of the United States. He likes being President. He likes the power of the Presidency, the usufructs of the Presidency, and the romance of the Presidency. You won't drive that man out of the White House until the limousine pulls up to the door on Inauguration Day, 1977.

That is Nixon One. Nixon Two is the political realist. He is the man who can coolly survey the political situation and draw the necessary conclusions, when there are necessary conclusions. It was that Nixon who, having expended himself at the Governors' Conference in Cleveland in 1964 trying to organize a Stop Goldwater movement, recognized it wouldn't work. Then, unlike the hapless William Scranton who went on to try to stop Goldwater and ended by looking like Harold Stassen, Nixon Two drew back, recognized Goldwater wasn't going to make it, and —supported Goldwater lustily. That single decision brought him the Republican nomination in 1968. Otherwise it would have gone to—Reagan; yes, Reagan. And Nixon knew that. This Nixon, the political realist, is capable of judging whether there is going to be impeachment plus conviction, and of either a) acting to try to abort the case against him by hard political maneuvering; or b) accepting the inevitable and resigning. He has not at this moment concluded that the political reality is that he will be deposed.

There is Nixon Three. Nixon Three is a withdrawn, moody, introspective man who revels in a pain that is often self-inflicted. It is the Nixon who works even harder than necessary to get the good grade, or to qualify for the football team, or to memorize the name of the ward leader. It is the Nixon who will make himself stay up all night before deciding on a vice presidential running mate, not so much because he is thereby better equipped to pick the right man, but because he likes to be able to say, "I stayed up all night worrying about this one." It is the Nixon who blurts out in the prepared speech that he will continue to work "16 to 20 hours a day, seven days a week," for his country. The Nixon who feels that all the proper people in the East resent him because he did not go to an Ivy League college and that therefore he will hew to the Rotarian company with which he feels comfortable. This Nixon feels that he is fated to suffer, must suffer; that suffering is good and that strength comes through adversity. This is the Nixon whose mind begins now to turn to the ultimate suffering: resignation. If, for the man on the make, power is an aphrodisiac, for the man facing the end, martyrdom is orgasmic. There is no other explanation for the smile on the face of St. Sebastian as the archers bent their bows.

And then, if you can stand it, there is Nixon Four. This is Nixon the human being. A recent *New York Times* Sunday Magazine has a million-page rehearsal of the entire Watergate business. One's eyes fasten on a single sentence. "He [Nixon] even deducted $1.24 in finance charges from Garfinckel's Department Store." Nixon Four could prevail over Nixon One for reasons entirely human. Shylock spoke for the Jewish race. He might as well have spoken for Nixon when he said, "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?"

And—the final line—"and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

Nixon Four is visible walking the sands of San Clemente and riding economy class in the little jet and answering questions about did he deduct $1.24 for finance charges from Garfinckel's. When Nixon Four and Nixon Three, espying a joint opportunity, fuse their vision, then Nixon will resign, not only with honor, but with pleasure. □

BREZHNEV IN HAVANA *New York*, Feb. 10 —From all accounts, Castro put on a great show for Brezhnev in Havana. And of course should have, it being the (rough) estimate that the Soviet Union has pumped about $4 billion into Cuba during the past dozen years, not counting the missiles. Accordingly Castro, who has rather shrewdly played the Moscow-Peking rift, occasionally fluttering his eyelashes to the East, put on the dog, and instructed several thousand of his subjects to come forward and cheer for Brezhnev.

What Brezhnev then did was interesting. One has to remember that a Communist leader need not say anything. They tell the story of the social crisis at the Kremlin when—it being the turn of the honoree to toast Khrushchev at the big reception for the new Mongolian ambassador—suddenly the interpreter could not be found. At this point a Polish professor disengaged from the little circle he was sipping tea with, and whispered to the officiator that he knew Mongolese and would be glad to translate. There followed five minutes of references to the working class, the imperialist forces, the struggles for national liberation, the socialist homeland, and the job was done. Returning to his little knot of friends, the Polish professor met with open admiration. "I've known you for years, Wlasilly, and I never knew you understood Mongolian." "I don't," said the professor. "But I did know what His Excellency would say."

But Brezhnev made the headlines by

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saying something a little different from boilerplate Communist-talk. He said the Communists do not believe in exporting their revolution by aggressive action in other countries because the socialist camp desires "lasting peace." Granted this is the rhetoric of detente, and one yawns on hearing it at State Department dinners or from the lawn in San Clemente. But to hear it said in Cuba, indeed in front of a huge picture of Che Guevara, who went to Bolivia to export revolution and certainly died thinking he was a good Communist, must have been a little deflating for Castro. Not inconceivably, of course, the entire thing has been carefully choreographed, with the view to saying the things needed to get Cuba back into a conventional relationship with the Organization of American States, the better to export a revolution that hasn't gone well under the generalship of the Che Guevara types who have strutted about the hemisphere with hand grenades in their mouths.

But Brezhnev was not above a little brinksmanship. He cited the recent achievements of detente. They are three, said Brezhnev. The first was the strategic arms limitations pact reached with the United States. And well might he cite SALT I. It confirmed Soviet strategic superiority, eliminated the costly ABM program, and left the Soviet Union free to MIRV its missiles by use of a developing technology undiscussed when SALT was ratified.

Then he cited the "settlement" of the war in Vietnam. Translated, this means getting the United States out of Vietnam. The war in Vietnam continues, casualties (if we are permitted to count yellow men as casualties) are at an uninterrupted rate, and when last heard from, the North Vietnamese had taken over territory American soldiers fought and died to hold for the South.

And finally, he cited "a Middle East agreement." Of course there hasn't been a Middle East agreement. What there was was an aggressive war in the Middle East, fueled by the Soviet Union, then a nuclear alert, an oil embargo, a rise in oil prices that has undone everything the West tried to do over two decades for the less developed countries and has atomized the Atlantic Alliance. Not bad for detente, Brezhnev was telling Castro: why don't you try it?

Castro will; and we'll play along. Mr. Castro concluded the ceremonies by saying that there is little doubt that one day "the red flags of internationalism will line the path to liberty and fraternity of all the peoples of the world." Spanish baroque for: we will bury you. □

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY

New York, Feb. 25—There is a professor at Temple University called John Raines, a theologian who teaches courses in social ethics and religion, and is given nowadays to making pronouncements about the plight of the American middle class which, if I may say so, are on the order of someone breaking into a faculty meeting of MIT with the breathless news that he had discovered that the world is round. Professor Raines has discovered that people in the middle class in America are having a tough time.

In particular, he has discovered that it is extremely costly to send a child to college, but that it is especially expected of middle class Americans that they should send their children to college; and that parents with incomes of more than $12,800 per year are not eligible for federally guaranteed loans. Though the figure varies, neither are students eligible for college loans and scholarships if their parents earn more than a particular figure—irrespective of how many brothers and sisters there are to help eat up that income.

I KNOW an industrious toiler in the vineyards of the middle class. His annual income, at $38,000, is almost exactly four times the median family income in America. He has three children of college age, and they cost him each $5,000 per year. Two of them will go to professional school. Since my friend is in the foreign service, he has seldom lived where his children were near good public schools, so that at pre-college age, they went mostly to private schools. His school bills for the three children will total approximately $170,000. After taxes, food, rent, clothes, and maybe a cigarette every now and then, he figures he will have paid back the bank for his children's schooling by the time he reaches, approximately, age 60. Moreover, the net rise in the actual purchasing power of the average American family, Professor Raines has discovered, increased in the decade of the 1960s by only $1,160 per year, or $96 per month. "How much upward mobility does that represent?" asks Professor Raines. Well, by the world's standards, a hell of a lot. But by American standards, it's tough going.

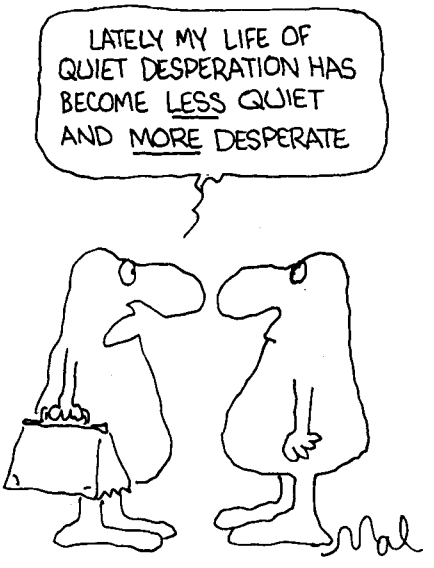
And then Professor Raines, with that unerring academic eye for the false solution, tells us what *he* would do. What he would do is tax the top 1 per cent more. He cannot understand it that the American middle class hasn't directed their "social anger and frustration at the top 1 per cent of the economic scale, where I think it belongs."

One wonders why full professors can't pick up the *Statistical Abstract*, or even the *World Almanac*, to keep from saying foolish things. In 1970 (I round off the figures) there were 59 million taxpayers. One per cent of 59 million is 590,000. Now if you took everybody in America whose gross income was in excess of $50,000, you would come up with only 428,230 people. In other words, less than 1 per cent of all Americans makes over $50,000. Now these people are now paying a tax of $12.270 billion—on taxable income of $29.382 billion. That leaves them with approximately $17 billion. And that's less, by one quarter, than $50,000 apiece. In other words, about $39,960 apiece if you take not a penny more in tax.

When will the professors learn that the money doesn't exist up in those high brackets to run a rapid transit system let alone bring relief to the middle class? What the American middle class member suffers from is the high overhead of life. And the principal load on his shoulders is: government, for which he works approximately 18 weeks per year. You talk about lifting the burden on the middle class. If you take away 100 per cent of the income of everyone making $1 million a year, you have got yourself $624 million. If the government increases its dependent exemption by $100, it takes $4 billion off the backs of the taxpayers.

I hate to think of adding to the burdens of the old man, but I wish he had treated young John to a course in economics before sending him on to theology school. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Device that would be helpful in setting traffic lights — 16 66 166 24 154 172 133 81 87

B. What a night watchman might write for a news magazine — 33 141 174 5 25 144 124 87 177

C. Where a pedestrian might eat — 42 47 126 82 146 88 152

D. Where the rascals would sit in church — 50 168 163 26 69

E. A married woman who remained a miss — 57 129 92 148 99 70 155 27 35

F. Characterized by good nutrition — 63 56 100 136 36 118 14 72 112

G. A Russian Jewish novelist and playwright (1868-1927) — 103 19 48 71 74 8 90 122 135 150

H. The original convent of a religious community — 130 6 37 41 80 102 109 134 139 52 164

I. He was a Giant but not a Yankee — 1 3 13

J. A *constitutional* predisposition toward an abnormality or disease — 143 162 49 127 9 120 73 91 107

K. Both the Department of the Interior and Britain's government maintained this — 153 2 12 15 23 32 79 65 157 171

L. What the balloons for *Lil Abner* might be called — 178 10 61 108 75 101 43 115

M. Editor Cousins, Diplomat Davis, and Socialist Thomas — 11 18 173 182 110 76 121

N. A traffic light for the Protestants — 31 128 113 83 104 93

O. A V-shaped indentation — 7 179 30 54 59

P. "There's an ——— coming, Watson." — 39 131 94 111 149 183 170 44

Q. A V-shaped indentasound — 98 114 62 38 84 142 137

R. A satire by a backward pontiff — 89 156 64 17 86 147 51

S. Candy that your mother's loving sister might make — 165 181 132 21 151 159 45

T. Admitted — 169 67 125 116 58

U. One of the wells dug by Issac — 119 175 22 95 28 105 185 46

V. Persons lacking culture or refinement — 161 138 96 4 145

W. An American woman sculptor (1878-1939) — 20 60 77 117

X. Pompous — 53 40 55 140 29 180 123

Y. What turf accountants use to make ends meet — 78 158 176 184

Z. A president of Harvard (1685-1701); may his tribe increase! — 85 68 160 34 106 167

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 274 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 I	2 K		3 I	4 V	5 B		6 H	7 O	8 G		9 J	10 L	11 M	12 K	
13 I	14 F	15 K	16 A		17 R	18 M	19 G	20 W	21 S		22 U	23 K	24 A	25 B	26 D	27 E	
28 U	29 X	30 O		31 N	32 K		33 B	34 Z	35 E		36 F	37 H	38 Q	39 P	40 X		41 H
42 C	43 L	44 P		45 S	46 U	47 C	48 G		49 J	50 D	51 R		52 H	53 X		54 O	55 X
56 F	57 E	58 T		59 O	60 W	61 L	62 Q	63 F	64 R		65 K	66 A		67 T	68 Z	69 D	
70 E	71 G	72 F	73 J		74 G	75 L	76 M	77 W		78 Y	79 K		80 H	81 A	82 C	83 N	84 Q
85 Z	86 R	87 B		88 C	89 R	90 G	91 J	92 E	93 N		94 P	95 U		96 V	97 A	98 Q	
99 E	100F	101L	102H	103G		104N	105U	106Z	107J		108L	109H	110M	111P		112F	113N
114Q	115L	116T	117W		118F	119U	120J	121M	122G	123X	124B	125T	126C		127J	128N	129E
130H	131P	132S		133A	134H		135G	136F	137Q		138V	139H	140X		141B	142Q	
143J	144B	145V	146C	147R	148E		149P	150G	151S	152C		153K		154A	155E	156R	157K
158Y	159S	160Z		161V	162J	163D	164H		165S	166A	167Z		168D		169T	170P	171K
172A	173M	174B	175U	176Y		177B	178L	179O	180X	181S	182M	183P	184Y	185U			

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